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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.....LETTER WRITING.

We are often told that we may read an author's character in his works, and that of all modes of composition, letter writing is the most characteristic and descriptive. Are these assertions true? In what degree and respect are they true? It is plain enough that books and letters are sufficient, and indeed, the only proofs of a capacity for writing books and letters, but this seems to be all that they prove. They seem to let in but little light upon the actual deportment of the writer, upon his temper, his favourite pursuits, and his habits of talking and conversing.

I am led to these remarks by reading over the letters of my deceased friend W..... What a difference between his actual deportment and any notion of that deportment to be collected by a stranger, from his letters. His letters to me are as unreserved and confidential as letters can be, yet they form a picture totally the reverse of his conversation and his conduct. He had no small portion of wit, and this power was in incessant exercise in company. He could very seldom be prevailed upon to discuss any subject soberly, to reason or to speculate, or to moralize, but his whole social life was one invariable effort to be witty, to excite laughter: some good thing was forever in his mouth, and like all men who are habitually witty, he was nine times out of ten, extremely trite and dull, yet this man, the moment he took up the pen to write a letter or essay, forgot all his mirth and jest, and became pensive, sentimental, and poetical. To hear him talk, one would think he never had a serious moment in his life.... He literally sung himself to sleep and awoke in a burst of laughter. To see the effusions of his pen, one would imagine that he was a stranger to smiles, that he was forever steeped in tears and wrapped in melancholy.

In this, there was nothing that deserved to be called affectation or

hypocrisy, since he corresponded only with those with whom he was occasionally in the habit of conversing; and his tongue regaled them with unceasing jests, with just as much facility as his pen saddened them with its austerity or melted them with its pathos.

His sonnets and letters talk almost altogether of love, and on this topic, no Petrarch was ever more refined, tender and pathetic. The youth was forever in love, and was all impassioned eloquence at the feet of an adored fair one; but his love was merely the exuberance of health and an ardent constitution. Consequently his devotion was always bestowed upon the present object, and never stood in the way of the most licentious indulgences.

After receiving a letter full of the most doleful eulogies of some divine but refractory creature, and hinting at his resolutions to "shake off the yoke of inauspicious stars," I have hastened to his chambers to console him, and found him at a log-table, presiding with marks of infinite satisfaction, and keeping the motly crew that surrounded him in a constant war. Such was my friend, and such were his letters; his tongue and his pen, his actions and his written speculations were as opposite to each other as the poles.

Perhaps, indeed, this case may be deemed an exception to general rules. There is another remarkable instance, however, to the same effect in the letters lately published of the poet Cowper. They are almost all of them, to a certain degree, lively and witty. On one occasion, he appears conscious of this inconsistency and alludes with some surprize to the opposition between the sprightly tenor of his letters, and the dreadful gloom of his thoughts.

A man may counterfeit sentiments and feelings with more success in letters than in discourse, and though it should seem that letters, when written without any motives to deceive, afford a pretty accurate criterion of character, yet we certainly meet with many instances of men who *write* and *talk* under the dominion of habits and feelings diametrically opposite to each other, and as a man's *discourse* is often at variance with his actions, so it oftener happens that his letters are at variance with both his actions and his discourse.

ON OWHYHEE MAN.

I have just been conversing with a captain* who has spent all his life in long voyages. He has been regaling me with a very amusing account of his residence in Otaheite. The novelty and elegance of Cook's, or rather of Hawkesworth's description of this island, has given it the same kind of celebrity, which the same circumstances had previously conferred upon Tinian and Juan Fernandez. Eloquent and circumstantial as Hawkesworth's narration is, I confess myself much better pleased, and much more accurately informed by this talk with my friend the captain; he is very obligingly communicative, his descriptions are connected with the story of his personal adventures, and being at hand to answer all questions, his intelligence exactly meets my curiosity.

After a good deal of talk he told me he would shew me a curiosity, and immediately called "James Cook," into the cabin. A man immediately made his appearance, about thirty years of age, of a middle stature, and remarkably athletic in his make: he had a face full of smiles and good humour, and every air and motion bespoke those feelings that flow from exuberant health and a total exemption from care... His complexion was nearly the same with that of an American Indian, and his hair, face, and figure, led me to suppose when I first glanced my eye at him, that he was one of our own aboriginals.

This man, the captain informed me, was a native of Owhyhee. He

* Ship Commerce, Ray, from Amsterdam.

was present when a child, at the death of Captain Cook, and that extraordinary event had made an indeliable impression on his memory; he was one of a group of women and children, who stood aloof, spectators of the fray.

In answer to my inquiries, the Captain told me, that this man and another he had taken on board from another ship at sea: on what terms or with what motives they left their native country was not explained, but this one (he shortly after parted with the other) has been the mirror of good nature, cheerfulness and fidelity ever since. He has never betrayed the slightest uneasiness at his situation, nor expressed the least desire to return. His country and all its concerns are to him like the dream of infancy; they are seldom called back to remembrance, and appear to produce no emotion when they are remembered.

He made his appearance last winter on the New-York Theatre, in a drama, exhibiting the death of Captain Cook, and displayed with great applause, the peculiar dress, weapons, and exercises of his country....Here was an actor, such as falls to the lot of but few Managers to obtain.

If it be a blessing to enjoy perfect health, a chearful temper, an affectionate heart, and a robust frame, "James Cook" deserves to be envied. His understanding does not appear to be an improveable one. He has more resemblance to Omai than to Prince Leboo, and joins the docility of a child to the vigour of a man.

On board of this ship, two hundred and fifty persons have resided four months, and traversed three thousand miles of ocean; they are of all ages and sexes; many have been born on board; yet they all have enjoyed, within such narrow compass, with the recollections of an home forever abandoned, and with the prospect of years of servitude to unknown masters in a strange land, as much chearfulness, and more health than probably has ever fallen to the lot of the same number of men in any situation for the same period.

Such a thing is happiness, which the poet defines to be "health, peace, and competence," but which, if resolvable into any one thing, must be traced to a temper constitutionally cheerful. As to health, it is, at best, only certain degrees of it, that are necessary to tranquility: as to peace, there is too much ambiguity in this expression if mental peace be meant, it amounts to no more than what had previously been said, "that happiness is happiness." If external circumstances be meant, it still amounts to nothing, for no term can be more vague and indeterminate, as descriptive of personal conditions. As to competence, happiness surely consists in the *pursuit* of competence rather than in the enjoyment, and the happiest faces are those animated by hope, and eager in the pursuit of a distant object.

Among all my acquaintance, the poorest and most dependent, the least qualified for gaining affluence and dignity among a civilized race of men, and, at the same time the man whose hours fly away in most gaiety of heart, is my friend James Cook, the Owhyhee man.

LEGIBILITY IN WRITING.

I have just received an application in writing from a writing-master, which it has cost me some trouble to decypher. He professes to teach many valuable arts, and, among other things, "a free, easy and elegant hand." This letter is, no doubt, designed as a specimen of penmanship, and it cannot be denied to be free, easy and elegant. It is *free*, that is, the strokes are almost horizontal, and the words are very near together, while the lines and letters are very wide apart; it is *easy*, inasmuch as the pen flew like a glance of lightning from one side of the sheet to the other, and what a man performs

with ease, he generally does quick: it is *elegant*, because the ink is very black and brilliant, and the strokes, at the same time, are the most graceful curves, and are "slender by degrees and beautifully less." Unluckily, however, and as the consequence of *this* freedom, ease, and elegance, his words occupy four times more space upon the paper than is necessary, and are scarcely legible.

It is very strange that custom should thus consecrate a manifest defect, and that writing should be generally condemned, in proportion as it accomplishes the very end of writing, which consists in being read. To occupy as small a space as is consistent with distinctness, and to adopt that size and form of letters which is most easily read, is the legitimate excellence of writing, and ought to be exclusively studied by all teachers. Any other elegance than that arising from uniformity is spurious and pernicious. Lines straight, parallel, and equal in width: and letters uniform in size, figure, and relation to each other, constitute the genuine elegance of writing.

I believe it will be found that those who write with most excellence, according to my notions of excellence, have taught themselves, because such are most likely to copy printed books, and typographical characters are far superior, in general, to written ones, in the property of being legible.

I have often been amused in observing the vast difference between writing and printing. A miserable scrawling hand, never to be decyphered but by the study of the context, ragged paper of all textures, colours, and sizes, filled with interlineations and blots, and the nice adjustment of points and capitals totally neglected, is metamorphosed by that magical machine, the press, into the perfection of beauty, regularity, and accuracy. It is like the form of a Dorick temple, rising, at the waving of an omnific wand, from a chaotic heap of spars and brick-bats: and the contents of a score of huge mishapen and gigantic pages are reduced to the limits of a few *octodecimos*, as Milton's infernal giants were reduced to pigmies.

Those who write for the press, have seldom any mercy upon the eyes of the poor devils, the printers. They, who are careless and hasty on other occasions, are doubly so on this, alleging, forsooth, that all pains are thrown away upon a paper which is to be used for a few minutes, and then cast away forever.

Bad writers cannot write well, without more than usual deliberation and delay, and this is the great cause of their continuing to scrawl. I wish it were possible to convince them that, abstractedly considered, it is as easy to form characters correctly as incorrectly, and that the most distinct and legible hand is written, by some persons, who are well instructed, with as much facility and expedition, as they themselves display. Habit is as necessary to make us write zig-zag lines and horizontal strokes with dispatch, as on straight lines and upright letters.

DISPUTATION.

ALL the errors, and all the spirit of disputation, in cases where the parties have been limited to pen and ink, have been exemplified in the controversy which has been carried on for several years in the United States, on the origin and nature of the yellow fever. During the present season the controversy appeared, at first, to have languished, but the example of one of our gazettes gradually inflamed the rest, and the fever was not suffered wholly to pass without a renewal of the warfare. I have just been amused with the perusal of a newspaper essay on this subject, in which the writer reasons with great force and ingenuity, in favour of foreign origin, but in which he is betrayed, by the strength of his own conviction, into the usual invectives against his adversaries.

For instance.... Reference (says he) to these facts (those which he had just descanted on....) are suffi-

cient to convince *the most incredulous who are desirous that the truth should be established.*

"But," he thus proceeds, "notwithstanding these *undeniable* and *decisive proofs*, there are some who ....still deny their validity, and, with the *obstinacy of fiends*, persevere in their endeavours to establish its domestic origin."

After comparing the present and former condition of Philadelphia, in point of cleanliness, he inquires, "How any man, acquainted with the connection between cause and effect, or accustomed to reason on the nature and causes of events, can *presume* to ascribe such a disease to," &c.

After the considerations enumerated, he proceeds to exclaim.... "No man, *possessed of rational faculties*, can *possibly hesitate* in deciding to which doctrine, *if truth were his object*, he ought to subscribe."

He winds up his dissertation in the following style:...."If the facts which have been stated are authentic, no man who *examines* them *dispassionately*, or whose mind is not *under the dominion of the most extraordinary delusion*, can *possibly withhold his belief*," &c. &c. How unnatural it is, or rather how perfectly natural it is for a reasoner of this kind to sign himself "A *Dispassionate* Philadelphian."

Such an arguer as this, places his adversary in a very whimsical dilemma. He dares not *deny* any of these *undeniable* positions, without incurring the charge of "being destitute of rational faculties".... "of being under a most extraordinary delusion"....."of wishing to establish falshood."

One would think that a man, desirous of gaining converts, would not begin with awakening the prejudices of his opponents, by questioning their understanding and their honesty. If we cannot hinder the heat of argument from inspiring us with doubts of the reason or integrity of our opponents; prudence or politeness, or a *desire of convincing* ought to induce us to conceal our doubts. There is nothing clearer than that acrimony and contempt only fortify the mind against conviction, and that the strongest arguments will only be thrown away upon those whom we charge as foolish or criminal for differing from us.

MARRIAGE.

I have retired at a late hour to my lonely and quiet chamber, and taken up the pen as usual, to rescue some of the events of this day from oblivion. This solitude, seclusion and quiet, and the perfect liberty they confer are not without many charms; but, alas! my mind is seldom in a state to relish these charms. This freedom is servitude; this stillness is irksome; this loneliness is dreary. My heart pants after a companion at such hours of retirement: an ear to drink in the effusions of my boundlessly communicative tongue: a tender bosom unlocking all its treasures of thought and feeling in return.

This is happiness. It may not be the only species of felicity, and of all the kinds of terrestrial bliss, it may be the seldomest enjoyed, and the most transitory and precarious in possession, but to *me*, THIS is the highest bliss.

Seldom, indeed, is marriage productive of an harmony and union like this; if the wedded pair have equal understandings, and consequently feel and think in a manner intelligible to each other, ten thousand chances to one, but some humour, some caprice, some fastidious delicacy on one side, or some habitual indecorum on the other, embitters their secluded moments. Without taking into view the external ills of life, incident in some degree to all, and doubled upon each devoted heart by communion and sympathy, there is a plenteous and inexhaustible source of misery in *temper*. *All* are, in this

respect, in some degree defective, and tempers, harmless by themselves, are frequently pernicious by being unhappily sorted.

This unhappiness, however, though occasionally intense, allows of bright intervals: there are fortunate moments when such minds meet without collision; in which their thoughts and feelings are alike. To such, therefore, happiness, though a rare visitant, and frequently turned out of door by humour and caprice, is not utterly a stranger. Pure and uninterupted misery belongs only to a couple whose minds are unimpaired: so unequal to each other in capacity and dissimilar in feelings, that they are never permitted to recognize a kindred spirit, and to whom the company of each other is the worst solitude. Nothing is more common than such marriages as this. Whether it be the incurable defect of human nature, which forbids men and women to resemble each other sufficiently for their mutual happiness, or the folly and precipitance of youth in the marriage choice, is a point easily debated, but hard to decide.

My friend J..... endeavours to console himself under his late disappointment, by insisting on the impossibility of any permanent harmony in marriage, or any sufficient coincidence between the tempers and understandings of men and women. He pretends not to set himself up as an immaculate example, but admits with facility, that his own temper and habits would be incompatible with matrimonial felicity. However vague and hollow the pleasures he derives from indulging a fertile imagination on this topic, and creating a wife and a woman to his fancy, he thinks greater happiness is to be expected from this source than from any actual marriage. In his waking dreams, he can model his own person and temper, and those of his wife and children as he pleases; but the real wife, and the real children, and his own actual temper, and person, and manners, are beyond his power to bend and mould agreeably to any imaginary standard.

I spent this evening at C.....'s, and had two amusing instances of matrimonial character before me. The lady was very unhappy. She could not rid herself for a moment of an air of apprehension and disquiet. On inquiry, I found that all this discomposure arose from the absence of her husband, who was gone ten miles out of town, and contrary to expectation was to stay the night abroad. How necessary, thought I, is the company of her husband to this lady's happiness, since his absence for one night is so intolerable; but I quickly ceased to wonder at this impatience, when she proceeded to inform me that this was the first night which they had passed under separate roofs, during the eleven and an half years of their marriage.

This lady's impatience is no proof of attachment to her husband, nor of the happiness his company affords her. Were there no other proofs of their mutual affection and domestic harmony, I should more readily infer an unhappy, than an happy life, since many must be the occasions of repining to one, whom a day's absence of an husband makes miserable.

I was much amused with the contrast which the lady's sentiments and experience bore to those of captain L....., who happened to be present. After expressing his surprise at her emotion, he shewed us a letter from his wife which breathed the utmost cheerfulness and good humour, though she had not seen him during the last eighteen months. In this time he had crossed the Atlantic several times, but always returning to a port, distant from his wife's residence, he found it most convenient to defer visiting her till his next voyage was accomplished.

Mrs. C. expressed her surprise, that any woman could endure such an absence from a man she loved.

My wife (returned the captain) is a very excellent woman, and loves her husband as well as the common run of women. There is not an happier couple breathing, when we are together.

I suppose, said I, your interviews are too short to allow you to be tired of each other.

By no means. I have been at home above *three weeks* at a time.

And pray, said I, what has been your longest absence from her?

Three years and an half is the very most....The captain proceeded to tell me, that he had had seven children, not one of whom he had ever seen, and explained this seeming paradox by observing, that each of his children had come into the world in his absence, and gone out of it again before his return; one of them, it seems, was two years and an half old at its death.

What conceivable purpose of marriage was answered by an union of persons in these circumstances? It is commonly supposed, that people marry in order to live together; and that marriage is a curse, instead of a blessing, to those who are obliged to be separate.

An ill assorted couple, indeed, can only find their happiness in separation, and to such, absence and forgetfulness are the highest goods. But there are many well disposed men, among sailors, who seem to have much humanity and milkiness of disposition, and who are fortunate in tender and amiable wives, and yet find home insupportable. After being a few weeks on shore, the uniformity and stillness of the scene becomes intolerable, and they pine after storms and billows with as much intensity, as some other people sigh after a quiet fire-side, the caresses of a wife, and the dignity and comforts of home.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PERUVIAN RELIGION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I wish some of your correspondents would inform me where I must look for an accurate acquaintance with the Peruvian religion. The very brief abstract to be found in Dr. Robertson, serves rather to whet curiosity than to gratify it. The books to which the historian alludes, are chiefly Spanish, and some of these, perhaps, are translated, but which of them has been made accessible by an English translation, I am desirous of knowing.

I should be still better pleased, if some ingenious scholar would supply me and the world with an account of this religion, compiled from original writers as fully and circumstantially as these authorities would admit. Should he carry the spirit of Robertson into this subject he would produce a very interesting performance.

The Peruvian religion is the most extraordinary form of worship known in the world. The nation, indeed, in every point of view, is the most singular and most like the creature of a romantic invention, of any to be found in the records of history, and deserves much more attention from philosophical inquirers than it has hitherto obtained. The true circumstance in this religion, most worthy of note, appears to be the selection of the sun...."of this great world both eye and soul"....as the only object of worship, and the use of flowers and fruits, as offerings to this divinity. Unbloody sacrifices, and the adoration of the great luminary, is a species of idolatry the least absurd and pernicious that can be imagined, and the influence of this religion on the manners of Peru, justifies this opinion.

I hope some of your readers will attend to this request.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEHRENDORF MARRIAGES.

MEHRENDORF is a barony of considerable extent in the Austrian territory, which, however, as to its internal economy, enjoys an entire independence. It has been for some centuries, the property of one family, who stand in a mere feudal relation to the sovereigns of Bohemia. In the travels of Sumlich of Vienna, there is a very curious account of this little state, which deserves a translation into English, as well as any book of the kind I have lately met with. It is not, however, likely to meet with this honour in America, and we must, therefore, wait with patience, till it falls into the hands of some of the fraternity at Paris or London: meanwhile, I cannot resist the inclination of transcribing some passages, which, Mr. Editor, if they prove as interesting to you as to me, you will oblige me by inserting in your work.

As remarkable a circumstance as occurs in this account, is the law of the country respecting marriages. In this respect, the people of Mehrendorf have modes and customs altogether peculiar to themselves, and as nothing has so much influence on human happiness, as the terms of this contract, it becomes a point of great curiosity to know the effects of their laws, on the happiness of the Mehrendorfians.

As they are catholics, the relative duties of husband and wife are pretty much like those of all christian countries. The same restrictions as to consanguinity prevail, and the same obligations to fidelity, but the points in which they bear little or no resemblance to the rest of the civilized world, are the following:

No woman, says Sumlich, is permitted to marry who is under thirty years of age, or above forty-five; and no man can claim this privilege who is under thirty-five, or above fifty.

No man can marry a second time.

No woman can marry a second time, if more than one child of the former marriage be alive, nor within one year and an half of the death of her former husband. In no case can she marry a third time.

Marriages cannot be so far dissolved, except by death, as to allow the parties to marry again, but parties may be separated for good cause.

Marriages can be solemnized only on two days in the year, the first day of January, and the first day of July. The intentions of the parties must be laid before the elders of the village at least six months before the celebration.

The elders are ten persons selected by the lord for the internal government of each district, with a power of appeal in most cases to the lord himself.

It is in the power of the elders to refuse the privilege, if they shall think proper, even if all the above conditions be fulfilled, but the lord only in his own chancery can dispense with any of these conditions.

All marriages ars solemnized in church, in the presence of the whole people, and in the following manner....The parties, after a brief and solemn descant on the duties of marriage by the first of the elders, stand up, in the presence of the congregation, and pronounce their vows of love and fidelity, with the right hands joined together. The priest then steps forth and executes the formulary of the church.

On examining these rules, (says my author) the most obvious reflection that occurs, is the difficulty and delay which they create in the affair of marriage: this contract is loaded with more restrictions and conditions than in any other known community, and the consequence must be, that a greater proportion of the people remain unmarried here than elsewhere. A great deal of vice and a great deal of misery must likewise be the consequence. The passion of the sexes takes root and expands into maturity, fifteen and twenty years before the laws allow it to be gratified. The dictates of nature are systematically thwarted and

obstructed in this respect; however suddenly the first marriage may terminate, and however ardent the affection may be which a second object may excite, marriage on the man's side is impossible: the lady, indeed, enjoys the privilege of giving her hand to a second lover, but she is subjected to a tedious widowhood of eighteen months, and even then, if she has two or more children living by the former husband, she cannot marry. After all, with all these burdensome conditions realized, having attained the age of thirty herself, and her lover reached the marriagable period of thirty-five, the parties are at the mercy of ten old fellows, who have probably outlived all the feelings incident to youth and love.

It seems, indeed, that the sole object of the legislator was to discourage marriage, and of course to check population, two things, which, on account of their influence on private happiness and public prosperity, are fostered and encouraged with the utmost care by ordinary governors. With restraints like these, it is natural to suppose that great corruption of manners must prevail, since love, if it cannot gain its object by open and lawful means, is in danger of accomplishing it by means illicit and circuitous. In the contest between arbitrary laws and those principles of our nature which are most powerful and universal, the former can scarcely be expected to obtain the victory, or if they succeed in this contest, it must be by such vigilance and such severity as will make the remedy far worse than the disease.

These reflections, which occurred to Sumlich, will naturally occur to every reader, and I felt no small part of that curiosity which actuated Sumlich, in examining with his own eyes the real effects of such institutions on the manners and condition of the people. He appears to have spent several months in this province, and to have familiarly conversed with all classes of the inhabitants. In your next number I will give you the result of his inquiries, and meanwhile am, &c.

INQUISITOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TRAVELLER...NO. II.

It has been the fate of the traveller to bend over the grave of a friend, to behold the remains of a once amiable, elegant, and high spirited youth deposited in the earth....This event, while it eloquently declared the instability of life and of worldly pleasure, led him to indulge in the following meditation on that passion which had received so severe a wound.

Friendship springs from the most amiable dispositions of the mind, and betokens the absence of those selfish and discordant passions which disgrace our nature. The ancient writers and some of the moderns, have ranked friendship among the number of the virtues, and if it be not a virtue, it is something so nearly allied to it, that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. It is a source of a large portion of our happiness; it is the tie of congenial souls. Amidst a world ensnaring and deceitful, where so wild and tumultuous are the passions and pursuits of men, where disinterestedness is seldom found, and where justice often holds unequal scales, how necessary to our peace and comfort is that person who will join with us in our councils, who will repose in us his confidence, who will be the solace of our solitude, the partner of our prosperity, and the support of our adversity... Let none say that friendship is forbidden, or not encouraged by the scriptures.....Religion forbids no rational enjoyment...Religion would never preclude us from one of the sweetest consolations that has ever been discovered for the various afflictions of life....Religion excites us to cultivate every generous and amiable principle, and allows us every indulgence not inconsitent with duty....The examples in the

scriptures of the cultivation of this passion by great and good men are numerous. The souls of David and the princely Jonathan were *knit together*. The arm of death could only dissever their cords of love. The instances recorded of their attachment are in the highest degree striking and affecting. When Saul and Jonathan were slain, David seized his harp, and from a soul full of sorrow poured forth his inimitable elegy, pursued with his sighs the spirit of his departed friend, and blasted the mountain of Gilboa in the language of poetical indignation.....The example of our Saviour, independent of all other instances, gives a sanction to the cultivation of friendship.....From the world and the number of his disciples, he selected John, on him bestowed his warmest affections, and admitted him to his freest communication.

The silence of scriptural precept concerning friendship, permits no inference to be drawn against its lawfulness. To have made it the subject of divine command would have been absurd, for it cannot be called a duty, and similarity of disposition and coincidence of sentiment and affection, on which friendship is founded, do not depend upon our choice, neither are they under the direction of our will. The propensity in our natures toward this passion is sufficiently strong and operative without the force of a command. The object of our Saviour was to inculcate the plain and pracical duties of piety and morality, those duties which are indispensable, and impose universal obligation, and which are necessary to our everlasting happiness in the future world.

Let none say that the dictates of friendship are opposed to the duties of universal benevolence, that it lavishes on one object that kindness and affection which ought to be diffused through the whole human race: this objection is certainly unfounded: we may discharge every tender office which friendship demands, and still be observant of the duties enjoiued by revelation.... Various are the gradations of affection corresponding with the different relations of life, and each contributing its share to that harmony which should reign throughout society. Parental tenderness, filial reverence, brotherly affection, are all limited in their operation, and yet are the subjects of command. The design of christianity was not to extinguish these, but to regulate them, and to reduce them to their proper dimensions. As the sun is to the planetary system, so love for God, love for men, is the centre, round which all our other affections founded on the world and mortality, should revolve; these are the only restrictions which christianity imposes upon our impartial attachments, and under these restrictions it excites us to indulge them. It strengthens the ties of Friendship, by holding out to our view immortality. "It revives (says an author) that union which death seems to dissolve, it restores us again to those whom we most dearly loved, in that blessed society of just men made more perfect."

Friendship subsisting between persons of a different sex, is of a nature still more refined than that which prevails between men. A brother feels more tenderness for his sister than he can for his brother. There is in the female, more gentleness, more softened amiableness than men possess: she has more sensibility, more influence upon the heart, more eloquence of persuasion. Man finds in her one who sooths him in desertion, who envigorates his hopes, and impels him to laudable enterprizes....she finds in man a provider, a protector, and one who will for her encounter the roughness and jarrings of the world from which her nature would shrink.

I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. II.

I have been lately looking into the Æneis of Virgil, and will hazard the declaration, that as a narrative poem it does not stand in the first rank. It has little originality as an epic; it is a copy both of the Iliad and Odyssey....it's failure in pourtraying characters has been frequently remarked....It's battles are but feebly described....it does not hurry the mind rapidly along with the onset of hosts, and it appears to me that Maro, amidst his scenes of war, sighed for the beachen-shade beneath which Tityrus reclined. Virgil was not a bard which Homer *muing his mighty young*, could train successfully to deeds of blood. I am not always pleased with his attempt to excite terror. I like not the prodigy which Æneas describes at his landing in Thrace. The bleeding myrtles are not equal to Tasso's enchanted forest. Could not the imagination have represented an omen more grand and terrific, which forbade the settlement of the Trojans in that country. I find great fault with the character of Æneas....He is not an hero sufficiently interesting....His conduct on many occasions is base and detestible....He might, however, have answered a heathen's idea of excellence....He falls vastly below Homer's Hector, Sarpedon and Achilles in interest.... Achilles, though more cruel than Æneas....yet still has more imposing qualities.

Dr. Beattie has endeavoured to shew in his essays, that the hero of the Iliad is the most perfect of epic characters: his arguments are grounded upon the following representations of the poet:....Achilles was the bravest, the strongest, the swiftest, the most beautiful of mortals...his friendship was ardent....he had the most vehement love for his father, and so great was his magnanimity, that although told that if he departed from the siege of Troy, he should in old age fall peacefully into the grave....yet he, notwithstanding he was wronged by Agamemnon, refused to go. I am not, however, satisfied with this reasoning of Dr. Beattie, and think the answer to it is sufficient.... that Hector, if not the universal, is the general favourite of the readers of Homer. The celebration of the games in the Æneid, I think a very feeble imitation of those of the Iliad, indeed the copy appears to me to be servile. It may be answered, that notwithstanding these objections, the celebrity of the Æneid is a confirming evidence of its excellence...that it has stood the test of years, and that one might as well deny its superiority to modern poems, as well as the strength of a tower which has warred with the elements during the lapse of several centuries, and still bids defiance to their rage....Such an answer might carry conviction to the minds of many, and overthrow all that I could urge in opposition; but still I will retain my opinion that Virgil, as a narrative poet, is surpassed by more than one of our modern writers.... Paradise Lost.....Fenelon's Telemachus....Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, in this respect I place before it;....and were not the rust of years so very venerable, did not distance diminish errors and magnify excellencies, I think that my decision would be acknowledged as just. The sixth book of the Æneid has been supposed by some critics to be the most precious remnant of antiquity. I am not disposed to make any formal dissent from this opinion. It certainly unfolds, in a satisfactory and pleasing manner, the Roman idea of the state of departed men, and leads to inquiries gratifying to the curious mind. The following picture of the Sibyl at the opening of this book is striking, and prepares us for the exposition which is to follow:

All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.

Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame;
The priestess of the god, Deïphobe her name.
Time suffers not, she said, to feed your eyes
With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
Sev'n bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus chuse,
And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes.
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites;
While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its farmost part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art.
Thro' the hills hollow sides: before the place,
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace:
As many voices issue; and the sound
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come: aloud she cries,
This is the time, inquire your destinies.
He comes, behold the god! Thus while she said,
(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry staid)
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up: convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
Greater than human kind she seem'd to look:
And with an accent, more than mortal, spoke.
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury rowl;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd and foaming as she spoke,
Why this delay, she cry'd; the pow'rs invoke.
Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
She said no more: the trembling Trojans hear:
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd.
Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy:
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
Thro' ambient seas, and thro' devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground:
And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursu'd her wand'ring race:
Here cease ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end,
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
Th' event of things in dark futurity;
Give me, what heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian state:
To fix my wand'ring gods; and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land,
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in shrines: and ev'ry sacred lay,
Which by my mouth, Apollo shall convey.
And shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.

But, oh? commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind:
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate.
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd:
Commands his entrance, and without controul,
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves: a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice restores.

The second and fourth books are the highest displays of Virgil's genius. They contain the most interesting narrations in the Æneid. The second book is the most magnificent, the fourth generally most tender. Next to these, no part of the work has pleased me more than the Episode of Nisus and Euryalus. Whatever may be the defects of Virgil as an epic poet....he, in the music of his numbers, in the selection of his words, has never been excelled....In judgment he stands before Homer, though he is very far behind him in genius....After these observations which have been adventurously, and perhaps too carlessly thrown out, I shall proceed to suggest to the attention of the reader some extracts from the Æneid, which I have not seen particularly noticed, and which to me were striking and above the common level of Virgil's poetry....For a very sufficient reason I shall take all the passages from Dryden's translation. The portrait of Æneas, when first discovered to the eyes of Dido, has been deservedly admired. In that description, however, there are four lines which are pre-eminent, and on which the finger of criticism has never rested:

Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage and serenely bright.

In the second book, which is throughout excellent, few passages have pleased me more than the description of the last efforts and the death of Priam....Though it must be familiar to the scholar, yet he will be pleased to see it in this way recalled to his remembrance....The translation of Dryden is full of his peculiarities and strength of phrase.

Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire.
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes;
In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
Despairing of success: ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew;
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The houshold gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
What rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my husband's mind;
What arms are these and to what use design'd?

And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around;
Ah wretch, he cry'd where have I left behind
Th' unhapppy youth, where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take! Again he ventures back
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and list'ning hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the rider's voice.
The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
The foes enclosing, and his friend pursu'd;
Forlay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt! what arms employ,
What fruitless force to free the captive boy?
Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
And casting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night;
Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright;
If e'er my pious father for my sake
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils;
Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove:
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round, his eye-balls roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd, a second jav'lin flies,
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies;
This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
Fierce Volscens foam with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge; but thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the pris'ner flies,
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover could not bear;
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew.
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own,
He neither could, nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!
His only crime, (if friendship can offend,)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend,
Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides,
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd;
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.

After I have extracted one more passage from the Æneid, I shall close the present No. of Critical Notices, with a few short sentences on the comparative merits of the versification of Dryden and Pope in their respective epic translations.

The two following extracts describe the inquietudes and tortures of a dreamful sleep. The terrible apparition, commonly called the night-mare, has been variously described by poets, as it assumes different shapes. Darwin's luxuriant pencil has attempted its portrait with considerable success.....but bolder and more original outlines are to be found in the picture which Sotheby has given in his translation of Wieland's Oberon, of this midnight hag.

And as when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
And, on the tongue the falt'ring accents die.

The critical world is divided in opinion concerning the merits of Dryden's and Pope's translation. I think it must be acknowledged, that the versification of the former is less regular and less magnificent, but more forcible and natural than that of the latter. Pope has less vigour, less variety, but more harmony and more uniform magnificence than Dryden. The first book of the Iliad, translated by Dryden, is not equal to the same book translated by Pope....it has however some parallel passages superior. The excellencies of Pope are more glaring than those of Dryden. The latter must be read and examined with attention before we can become familiar with his beauties. His mind was a rich soil, out of which sprang weeds as well as amaranthine flowers, and oaks of great growth. The mind of Pope was a soil not so rich, but it was cultivated with more care, it was a luxuriant garden in which were permitted to spring but few or no weeds.

I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE IMPROPRIETY OF LOOKING INTO FUTURITY.

"In human hearts, what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow?.....IN ANOTHER WORLD!"

ASPIRING MORTAL!.....when wilt thou learn thy duty, and act consistently with the sense of it in thy own breast? When will thy arrogance meet with its just sentence....when wilt *thou* be rendered more dignified in thy nature and thy actions, by the practice of humility, by an acceptance of thy own good, and a proper condemnation of that censurable curiosity, which leads thee to be dissatisfied with the present, and seek to develope that which is not in thy power, the *future* state of events? Leave futurity to Him, who, only, is capable of regulating it,.....who "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm!" Perform thy duty, and no evil shall befal thee: as the sacred language of Him, from whose lips flow eternal wisdom and truth, pronounces! Why seek to entangle thyself in the labyrinth of metaphysical research? yet if thou *must* be inquisitive.... if thy restless spirit, ever on the wing, despises all controul, seek those things which will be productive of everlasting benefit, before the decree shall be announced, which hides them from thy eager view, and bids the unavailing sigh of remorse to arise in thy bosom, never to be repressed.

It is evident, even to the superficial observer of causes and effects,

that there are numerous mysteries, which are beyond the power of man in his most perfect state, with the full enjoyment of his corporeal and mental faculties, to disclose; and it is likewise manifest, that an inquiry into these things, which are in their elucidation, superior to the efforts of the most energetic reason, must be highly improper: for this rash endeavour only serves to mislead the mind of man, and excite, either doubts to shake his faith, or a belief in the truth of those mistaken precepts which declare him to be equal to the angels of light; and consequently produces the most arrogant and supercilious conduct. He can, nevertheless, by a contrary line; by endeavouring to investigate the nature of objects that are within the narrow sphere around him, gain accurate, as well as enlarged and comprehensive information; such a degree of knowledge at least, as may *render him useful in life:* this, indeed, ought to be the purpose for which he seeks it; vain is every other intention! hence it will be sufficiently extended, if it is commensurate with this noble end. Investigations into the nature of future events, therefore, must be criminal and absurd; for we possess no data which may serve to direct them: and to refrain from them, our reason, limited as it is, informs us is proper: for into His hands, who sways the sceptre of infinite power, are all things to be delivered.....to His mercy, must every thing be confided!.....And whatsoever the great and comprehensive plan may be, by which He rules the natural and moral universe, whatsoever wise purpose His intention serves to fulfil, in secreting from our eyes certain events which it concerns us not to know, let us endeavour to act consistently with it, by consulting those feelings which have been placed within our bosoms: a resistance renders us guilty; and as such, will surely attract the lightnings of eternal majesty, and draw down the vengeance of heaven, to burst like terrific thunder o'er our heads. Let us, with pious resignation to that will which is guided by LOVE, and uncontroulable by the weak attempts of man, with stedfast confidence in the execution of justice tempered by mercy, and with a rigid fidelity in performing our moral, civil, and religious obligations, refrain from seeking to inquire too deeply into those truths, on the nature of which our reason owns itself incompetent to decide; and which inquiry, it declares to be rash, culpable, presumptuous! The duty of man is known to man: if he performs it, every event will coincide in a good, though incomprehensible design; if a rejection is persevered in, the opposite consequences will likewise be inevitable, nor will that benevolent design be frustrated: "Providence is not counteracted by any means, which Providence puts into our power*;" and it may please Him, in order to preserve the general good, to inflict particular evil.

The present is a changeable state of being, but the future, permanent. Yet on *this* varying scene of existence, depends the ultimate condition, to which we are all hastening with rapid steps. Who, then, can dare to lift the voice of censure to the Omnipotent....to arraign His wisdom, His justice, or His benevolence, while here He affords man, free agency.

Suffer, then, ye sophists of the age, who delight to pervert your faculties to the most base purposes, suffer Reason, your boasted divinity, to evince *her* decision: and though unaided.....unillumined by that light, whose guidance you will not permit her to follow, *she* will declare the truth; and present to your averted eyes the black catalogue of crimes, which in a future day shall, by the power of conscience, be made to glow as a furnace in your breasts: when imagination, distempered and frantic, shall be forced by that inward mo-

* Dr. Johnson.

nitor, to conjure up in your view, scenes, the terrors of which she is now unable and unwilling to conceive.

Presume not, then, to scan the intricate and unsearchable designs of Providence; nor impiously dare to trace the dark events of futurity: these are enveloped in a shade, which human reason can never be able to illuminate; their recesses no one can describe with any degree of certainty, notwithstanding those aids which we possess in the sacred writings. The ordainment of the Deity, in secreting them from our narrow conceptions, is, no doubt, in the highest degree, wise and benevolent; and from this consideration, which is verified by daily experience, it is made manifest, that the whole duty of man in the present state of existence, is a performance of that, which the witness within his breast declares to be right, in opposition to the vain wisdom of this world; and to leave to the providence and direction of a superior being, those events, which he neither can prevent, hasten, nor postpone.

When we view objects around us in their proper light, we find that the prospects of a *pleasing* futurity may be blasted, and our expectations be disappointed, long before the time in which the mind supposes they would have been realised.... Were a certain knowledge of circumstances, the occurrence of which is now in the womb of future times, given to us, how miserably would life slide on!....for, on the one hand, if it presented a perspective replete with unutterable horror, what previous pleasure could balance the sad condition, and afford any satisfaction?...on the other, if happiness should dwell in the mental eye, how would impatience to seize it, continually prevent us from the due and rational enjoyment of this life?..... But, if this anticipated state was, nevertheless, liable to be changed through our own misconduct, what multiplied dangers surround, and threaten it with irreparable ruin! This last is our situation; and reason declares it to be stamped with the seal of divine wisdom: for as we know the consequences resulting from our evil actions, their operation is given into our hands, either to remove the effect by destroying the cause, or let it act, unopposed. In this, as well as in other instances which press with vigour on the mind, the intentions of the Author of Good are elucidated in their purest lustre, to the prejudiced, and the dissatisfied.

To a mind which professes to be actuated by principles deduced from reflection, man appears a candidate for an *office of high calling;* and according with the conduct which he pursues in this life, will his unalterable portion be allotted to him, from the hands of Eternal Justice; which, as governed by an infinitely wise, though inscrutable spirit, must be stretched forth, uncontrouled by any power which dares to act in opposition to it; yet let us also recollect, that the eye of Mercy views, her influence modifies, the decision. Here, therefore, a noble, glorious prospect opens to the mind, in beauty unparalleled!.....in simplicity unequaled!....Adoration of the disposer of this system, will be the inseparable attendant of a just view of its tendency: and a coincidence with the plan of creation, the pleasing result. Will man, with bright realities before him, reject these, to accept others far inferior in their natures and ends? Will he permit that heavenly spark, wisdom...that clear, though limited illumination of the mind, reason, to be reduced to an ignoble subjection to his passions, and his prejudices? Surely, No!....If ever he sinks to so great a depth.....if ever he acts so oppositely to the intention of his creator, which is the advancement and promotion of his glory, by the exercise of these agents in conjunction with religion, what hope can remain of his refraining from the frustation of that principle, implanted in human bosoms for the support of civil and moral society, order? That

expectation wears, indeed, but the *semblance* of reality! it is vain...it is presumptuous!

Can we not, therefore, allow reason and religion, "those heavenly guards that round us wait," to assume their proper dominion over us? If the former is not perverted, it will invariably act in coincidence with the latter....the bright, unsullied emanation from the Creator.... the delightful communion, *whose nature cannot be described!*

DENVILLE.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

I WAS the second son of a farmer, whose place of residence was a western district of Pennsylvania. My eldest brother seemed fitted by nature for the employment to which he was destined. His wishes never led him astray from the hay-stack and the furrow. His ideas never ranged beyond the sphere of his vision, or suggested the possibility that to-morrow could differ from to-day. He could read and write, because he had no alternative between learning the lesson prescribed to him, and punishment. He was diligent, as long as fear urged him forward, but his exertions ceased with the cessation of this motive. The limits of his acquirements consisted in signing his name, and spelling out a chapter in the bible.

My character was the reverse of his. My thirst of knowledge was augmented in proportion as it was supplied with gratification. The more I heard or read, the more restless and unconquerable my curiosity became. My senses were perpetually alive to novelty, my fancy teemed with visions of the future, and my attention fastened upon every thing mysterious or unknown.

My father intended that my knowledge should keep pace with that of my brother, but conceived that all beyond the mere capacity to write and read was useless or pernicious. He took as much pains to keep me within these limits, as to make the acquisitions of my brother come up to them, but his efforts were not equally successful in both cases. The most vigilant and jealous scrutiny was exerted in vain: Reproaches and blows, painful privations and ignominious penances had no power to slacken my zeal and abate my perseverance. He might enjoin upon me the most laborious tasks, set the envy of my brother to watch me during the performance, make the most diligent search after my books, and destroy them without mercy, when they were found; but he could not outroot my darling propensity. I exerted all my powers to elude his watchfulness. Censures and stripes were sufficiently unpleasing to make me strive to avoid them. To affect this desirable end, I was incessantly employed in the invention of stratagems and the execution of expedients.

My passion was surely not deserving of blame, and I have frequently lamented the hardships to which it subjected me; yet, perhaps, the claims which were made upon my ingenuity and fortitude were not without beneficial effects upon my character.

This contention lasted from the sixth to the fourteenth year of my age. My father's opposition to my schemes was incited by a sincere though unenlightened desire for my happiness. That all his efforts were secretly eluded or obstinately repelled, was a source of the bitterest regret. He has often lamented, with tears, what he called my incorrigible depravity, and encouraged himself to perseverance by the notion of the ruin that would inevitably overtake me if I were allowed to persist in my present career. Perhaps the sufferings which arose to him from the disappointment, were equal to those which he inflicted on me.

In my fourteenth year, events happened which ascertained my

future destiny. One evening I had been sent to bring cows from a meadow, some miles distant from my father's mansion. My time was limited, and I was menaced with severe chastisement if, according to my custom, I should stay beyond the period assigned.

For some time these menaces rung in my ears, and I went on my way with speed. I arrived at the meadow, but the cattle had broken the fence and escaped. It was my duty to carry home the earliest tidings of this accident, but the first suggestion was to examine the cause and manner of this escape. The field was bounded by cedar railing. Five of these rails were laid horizontally from post to post. The upper one had been broken in the middle, but the rest had merely been drawn out of the holes on one side, and rested with their ends on the ground. The means which had been used for this end, the reason why one only was broken, and that one the uppermost, how a pair of horns could be so managed as to effect that which the hands of man would have found difficult, supplied a theme of meditation.

Some accident recalled me from this reverie, and reminded me how much time had thus been consumed. I was terrified at the consequences of my delay, and sought with eagerness how they might be obviated. I asked myself if there were not a way back shorter than that by which I had come. The beaten road was rendered circuitous by a precipice that projected into a neighbouring stream, and closed up a passage by which the length of the way would have been diminished one half: at the foot of the cliff the water was of considerable depth, and agitated by an eddy. I could not estimate the danger which I should incur by plunging into it, but I was resolved to make the attempt. I have reason to think, that this experiment, if it had been tried, would have proved fatal, and my father, while he lamented my untimely fate, would have been wholly unconscious that his own unreasonable demands had occasioned it.

I turned my steps towards the spot. To reach the edge of the stream was by no means an easy undertaking, so many abrupt points and gloomy hollows were interposed. I had frequently skirted and penetrated this tract, but had never been so completely entangled in the maze as now: hence I had remained unacquainted with a narrow pass, which, at the distance of an hundred yards from the river, would conduct me, though not without danger and toil, to the opposite side of the ridge.

This glen was now discovered, and this discovery induced me to change my plan. If a passage could be here effected, it would be shorter and safer than that which led through the stream, and its practicability was to be known only by experiment. The path was narrow, steep, and overshadowed by rocks. The sun was nearly set, and the shadow of the cliff above, obscured the passage almost as much as midnight would have done: I was accustomed to despise danger when it presented itself in a sensible form, but, by a defect common in every one's education, goblins and spectres were to me the objects of the most violent apprehensions. These were unavoidably connected with solitude and darkness, and were present to my fears when I entered this gloomy recess.

These terrors are always lessened by calling the attention away to some indifferent object. I now made use of this expedient, and began to amuse myself by hallowing as loud as organs of unusual compass and vigour would enable me. I utterred the words which chanced to occur to me, and repeated in the shrill tones of a Mohock savage..."Cow! cow! come home! home!"...These notes were of course reverberated from the rocks which on either side

towered aloft, but the echo was confused and indistinct.

I continued, for some time, thus to beguile the way, till I reached a space more than commonly abrupt, and which required all my attention. My rude ditty was suspended till I had surmounted this impediment. In a few minutes I was at leisure to renew it. After finishing the strain, I paused. In a few seconds a voice as I then imagined, uttered the same cry from the point of a rock some hundred feet behind me; the same words, with equal distinctness and deliberation, and in the same tone, appeared to be spoken. I was startled by this incident, and cast a fearful glance behind, to discover by whom it was uttered. The spot where I stood was buried in dusk, but the eminences were still invested with a luminous and vivid twilight. The speaker, however, was concealed from my view.

I had scarcely begun to wonder at this occurrence, when a new occasion for wonder, was afforded me. A few seconds, in like manner, elapsed, when my ditty was again rehearsed, with a no less perfect imitation, in a different quarter..... To this quarter I eagerly turned my eyes, but no one was visible.... The station, indeed, which this new speaker seemed to occupy, was inaccessible to man or beast.

If I were surprized at this second repetition of my words, judge how much my surprise must have been augmented, when the same calls were a third time repeated, and coming still in a new direction. Five times was this ditty successively resounded, at intervals nearly equal, always from a new quarter, and with little abatement of its original distinctness and force.

A little reflection was sufficient to shew that this was no more than an echo of an extraordinary kind. My terrors were quickly supplanted by delight. The motives to dispatch were forgotten, and I amused myself for an hour, with talking to these cliffs: I placed myself in new positions, and exhausted my lungs and my invention in new clamours.

The pleasures of this new discovery were an ample compensation for the ill treatment which I expected on my return. By some caprice in my father I escaped merely with a few reproaches. I seized the first opportunity of again visiting this recess, and repeating my amusement; time, and incessant repetition, could scarcely lessen its charms or exhaust the variety produced by new tones and new positions.

The hours in which I was most free from interruption and restraint were those of moonlight. My brother and I occupied a small room above the kitchen, disconnected, in some degree, with the rest of the house. It was the rural custom to retire early to bed and to anticipate the rising of the sun. When the moonlight was strong enough to permit me to read, it was my custom to escape from bed, and hie with my book to some neighbouring eminence, where I would remain stretched on the mossy rock, till the sinking or beclouded moon, forbade me to continue my employment. I was indebted for books to a friendly person in the neighbourhood, whose compliance with my solicitations was prompted partly by benevolence and partly by enmity to my father, whom he could not more egregiously offend than by gratifying my perverse and pernicious curiosity.

In leaving my chamber I was obliged to use the utmost caution to avoid rousing my brother, whose temper disposed him to thwart me in the least of my gratifications. My purpose was surely laudable, and yet on leaving the house and returning to it, I was obliged to use the vigilance and circumspection of a thief.

One night I left my bed with this view. I posted first to my vocal glen, and thence scrambling up a neighbouring steep, which overlook-

ed a wide extent of this romantic country, gave myself up to contemplation, and the perusal of Milton's Comus.

My reflections were naturally suggested by the singularity of this echo. To hear my own voice speak at a distance would have been formerly regarded as prodigious. To hear too, that voice, not uttered by another, by whom it might easily be mimicked, but by myself! I cannot now recollect the transition which led me to the notion of sounds, similar to these, but produced by other means than reverberation. Could I not so dispose my organs as to make my voice appear at a distance?

From speculation I proceeded to experiment. The idea of a distant voice, like my own, was intimately present to my fancy. I exerted myself with a most ardent desire, and with something like a persuasion that I should succeed. I started with surprise, for it seemed as if success had crowned my attempts. I repeated the effort, but failed. A certain position of the organs took place on the first attempt, altogether new, unexampled and as it were, by accident, for I could not attain it on the second experiment.

You will not wonder that I exerted myself with indefatigable zeal to regain what had once, though for so short a space, been in my power. Your own ears have witnessed the success of these efforts. By perpetual exertion I gained it a second time, and now was a diligent observer of the circumstances attending it. Gradually I subjected these finer and more subtle motions to the command of my will. What was at first difficult, by exercise and habit, was rendered easy. I learned to accommodate my voice to all the varieties of distance and direction.

It cannot be denied that this faculty is wonderful and rare, but when we consider the possible modifications of muscular motion, how few of these are usually exerted, how imperfectly they are subjected to the will, and yet that the will is capable of being rendered unlimited and absolute, will not our wonder cease?

We have seen men who could hide their tongues so perfectly that even an Anatomist, after the most accurate inspection that a living subject could admit, has affirmed the organ to be wanting, but this was effected by the exertion of muscles unknown and incredible to the greater part of mankind.

The concurrence of teeth, palate and tongue, in the formation of speech should seem to be indispensable, and yet men have spoken distinctly though wanting a tongue, and to whom, therefore, teeth and palate were superfluous. The tribe of motions requisite to this end, are wholly latent and unknown, to those who possess that organ.

I mean not to be more explicit. I have no reason to suppose a peculiar conformation or activity in my own organs, or that the power which I possess may not, with suitable directions and by steady efforts, be obtained by others, but I will do nothing to facilitate the acquisition. It is by far, too liable to perversion for a good man to desire to possess it, or to teach it to another.

There remained but one thing to render this instrument as powerful in my hands as it was capable of being. From my childhood, I was remarkably skilful at imitation. There were few voices whether of men or birds or beasts which I could not imitate with success. To add my ancient, to my newly acquired skill, to talk from a distance, and at the same time, in the accents of another, was the object of my endeavours, and this object, after a certain number of trials, I finally obtained.

In my present situation every thing that denoted intellectual exertion was a crime, and exposed me to invectives if not to stripes. This

circumstance induced me to be silent to all others, on the subject of my discovery. But, added to this, was a confused belief, that it might be made, in some way instrumental to my relief from the hardships and restraints of my present condition. For some time I was not aware of the mode in which it might be rendered subservient to this end.

[*To be continued.*]

Page 181

REVIEW.

The Ruling Passion: an occasional poem. Written by the appointment of the Society of the Φ B K, *and spoken, on their Anniversary, in the Chapel of the University, Cambridge, July* 20, 1797. *By Thomas Paine,* A. M. *Published according to act of Congress. Boston....Manning and Loring.*

THE interest with which we read this poem, was increased by the recent and melancholy termination of the author's life...Mr. Paine was considered and respected by those who knew him, as a scholar and a poet. Several circumstances tended to embitter his life; and over his death, those who have most injured him, will have most cause to lament. It is, however, not our province or desire to dwell on his history, nor are we possessed of sufficient information concerning him, to become his just and satisfactory biographers.

The Poem before us was printed in Boston, 1797. As we do mean to confine our attention entirely in our reviews to recent performances, we shall, from time to time, give some account of selected works which we deem above the common level of American poetry....In this class, we have no hesitation in placing the "Ruling Passion."..... It discovers in its author very considerable talents at satire, and a pupil who has studied in the school of Pope. Notwithstanding the merits of this poem, and its just title to the notice of criticisms, we have never seen it mentioned in the American prints.

Mr. P. in his Ruling Passion, after representing man as a world of wonders in himself, and in some respects inexplorable, then endeavours to describe him *as he seems to be*, and draws several pictures of persons actuated by a predominant passion....Some of these discover strong and vivid touches of a keen and harmonious pencil..... Though some of the characters are of the same nature with those painted by Pope in his first moral epistle, yet they bear not the least impression of imitation....we trust that our readers will acknowledge the propriety of our commendation, when they have read and examined the following extracts.....Mr. P. after comparing men to animals, represents life as a Print-shop, where we may trace different outlines in every face...he paints the beau as *fashion's gossamer*, and then in a rapid transition, presents before us a character of a very different description: this is a Pedant *deep and dull, grave without sense, o'erflowing, yet not full.*

In embodying this character, the poet thus proceeds:

"See, the lank BOOK-WORM, pil'd with lumbering lore,
Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek fourscore,
With toil incessant, *thumbs* the ancient page,
Now *blots* a hero, now *turns down* a sage!
O'er learning's field, with leaden eye he strays,
'Mid busts of fame, and monuments of praise.
With Gothic foot, he treads on *flowers* of taste,

Yet stoops to pick the *pebbles* from the waste.
Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short
Were ÆSOP's legs....how large was TULLY's wart;
And, scal'd by GUNTER, marks, with joy absurd,
The cut of HOMER's cloak, and EUCLID's beard!

Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night,
This learned ploughman plods in piteous plight;
Till the dim taper takes French leave to doze,
And the fat folio tumbles on his toes."

The following picture of the Miser, we think deserving of high commendation.

"Next comes the MISER....palsied, jealous, lean,
He looks the very SKELETON OF SPLEEN!
'Mid forests drear, he haunts, in spectred gloom,
Some desert abbey, or some Druid's tomb;
Where, hers'd in earth, his occult riches lay,
Fleeced from the world, and buried from the day.
With crutch in hand, he points his mineral rod,
Limps to the spot, and turns the well-known sod;
While there, involv'd in night, he counts his store,
By the soft tinklings of the golden ore,
He shakes with terror, lest the moon should spy,
And the breeze whisper, where his treasures lie.

This wretch, who, *dying*, would not take one pill,
If, *living*, he must pay a doctor's bill,
Still clings to life, of every joy bereft;
His God is gold, and his Religion theft!
And, as of yore, when modern vice was strange,
Could *leathern* money pass on 'Change,
His reptile soul, whose reasoning powers are pent
Within the *logic* bounds of CENT PER CENT,
Would sooner *coin his ears*, than stocks should fall,
And cheat the pillory, than not cheat at all!"

The last extract which we shall offer from this meritorious poem, is the description of the Savoyard on his native hills; and while we offer it, we assert with confidence, that it is equal to any similar representation contained in the celebrated Pleasures of Memory.

"To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,
The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep of morn;
And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
The hoary GLACIERS fling their diamond blaze;
GENEVA's broad lake rushes from its shores,
ARVE gently murmurs, and the rough RHONE roars.
Mid the cleft ALPS, his cabin peers from high,
Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.
While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,
Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;
While, far above, from battlements of snow,
Loud torrents tumble on the world below;
On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,
Than the lark warbles on the "*Ides of June*,"
Far off, let Glory's *clarion* shrilly swell;
He loves the music of his *pipe* as well.
Let shouting millions crown the heroe's head,
And PRIDE her tessellated pavement tread;
More happy far, this denizen of air
Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare:....
His days are jocund, undisturb'd his nights;
His *spouse* contents him, and his *mule* delights!"

The poem closes with a just tribute to the memory of the greatest character which this country, or this age has produced...to our peerless Washington; who, greater than the Cobham of Pope, deserves the celebration of a bard, as pre-eminent in the walks of poetry, as he was in the military and political life.

For the Literary Magazine.

History of the British Expedition to Egypt; to which is subjoined, a sketch of the present state of that country and its means of defence. Illustrated with maps, and a portrait of Sir Ralph Abercromby. By Robert Thomas Wilson, lieutenant colonel of cavalry in his Britannic Majesty's service, and knight of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa.

Ingens, Insigne, Recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. HOR.

Philadelphia: published by Conrad, & Co.—Bonsal & Niles, Printers, Wilmington.—p. p. 317.

This narrative is drawn up by an officer, whose education and pursuits appear to have been chiefly confined to military affairs. His professed object indeed is the British expedition to Egypt, and though a soldier has abundant opportunities of indulging a liberal curiosity in the scene of his exploits, and has sometimes more advantages for literary and scientific researches than other men, Colonel Wilson appears to see little beside the movements of the army and records little beside their movemements. He is actuated likewise by the national and professional spirit, and is not slow to assert and vindicate the reputation of the troops to which he belongs.

It is to be expected that our knowledge of Egypt will be greatly enlarged by the reports of British travellers, whom the temporary dominion of their nation in that country, will have enabled to inquire and examine for themselves. Colonel Wilson gives us reason to form expectations of this kind. He mentions several persons who penetrated much farther than any of the French, into Nubia and into the western deserts. By these the world will probably be furnished with the means of corroborating or correcting the accounts of the French, and thus, whatever evils have befallen humanity in the Egyptian war, European curiosity will be greatly indebted to it.

This military narrative is plain and distinct. It is adorned with no flowers of rhetoric, and enlivened by few of those minute circumstances, which give interest and colouring to a picture. On this account, though, perhaps, less amusing to the general reader, it is more instructive to the military one.

Among the articles of general interest, the following account of Rosetta and the Nile, is one of the most striking, as it shews the different lights in which the same object will present itself to different spectators:

"The officers of the English army who went to Rosetta, expected to find Savary's glowing description of its beauties realized, as they had found some justice in his remarks on that Desert, which separates Aboukir and Alexandria. Their mortification was extreme, to discover that the boasted delights of this city only consisted in comparison. The sight of verdure after that barren waste is a gratifying novelty, which pleases and fascinates the eye, in proportion to the previous suffering of the traveller, reheving his despondency, and charming the senses. For two or three miles immediately on the bank of the Nile, towards St. Julien, is certainly a luxuriant vegetation, but

beyond that, and over in the Delta, the scenery is bleak. To the south, hills of sand are only to be seen.

"Rosetta is built of a dingy red brick; a great part of the town is in ruins, many of the houses having been pulled down by the French for fuel: the streets are not more than two yards wide, and full of wretches, which the pride of civilized man revolts at, to acknowledge human. The number of blind is prodigious; nearly every fifth inhabitant has lost, or has some humour in his eyes; the erysipelas, the dropsy, the leprosy, the elephantiasis, all kinds of extraordinary contortions, and lusus naturæ, constantly offend the sight.

"Filth, musquitos of the most dreadful sort, vermin of every kind, women so ugly, that, fortunately for Europeans, their faces are concealed by a black cloth veil, in which two eye holes are cut, stench intolerable, houses almost uninhabitable, form the charms of Rosetta and Savary's garden of Eden. The quay is alone a handsome object, and this certainly might be made noble. On it General D'Estaign had fitted up a house in the Italian style, in which were the only clean apartments in the city, excepting a house belonging to Mrs. D'Arcy.

"The Nile, the celebrated Nile, afforded, uncombined with its bounties and wonderful properties, no pleasure to the sight; the muddy stream, rotten banks, putrifying with the fatness of the slime, left from the waters; its narrow breadth, not being more than a hundred yards across, impressed with no idea of majesty; but a reflection on the miraculous qualities of this river, an anticipation of the luxuries which the very kennelly waters would afford, rendered it an object of considerable gratification.

"The baths at Rosetta were esteemed very fine, and Savary describes them as such; therefore they must be mentioned. The curious stranger enters first into a large saloon, where many people are laying naked in bed, or getting up, having performed their ablutions; he then passes through narrow passages, smelling offensively from the abuses allowed in them, whilst each becomes gradually warmer, till the steam heat is almost intolerable; when he arrives in the room where the baths are, he sees a number of naked people, in various attitudes, some in the water, others rubbing down by the attendants, with gloves filled with cotton. Their horrid squalled figures, with their bald heads, excepting a little tuft of hair on the crown, and bristly black beards, made the place resemble a den of satyrs. No scene could be more disgusting; and it is astonishing how any person could remain five minutes, since the air is so tainted and oppressive. Hundreds of English, attracted by the description, attempted to get as far as the baths, but were obliged to turn back when they had advanced a little way. The Mosaic pavement, with which, however, the floors are paved, is really beautiful, and repays some inconvenience."

Among the many accounts we have received of the Egyptian peasants, the following deserves a conspicuous place:

"All language is insufficient to give a just idea of the misery of an Egyptian village; but those who have been in Ireland may best suppose the degree, when an Irish hut is described as a palace, in comparison to an Arab's stye, for it can be called by no other name.

"Each habitation is built of mud, even the roof, and resembles in shape an oven: within is only one apartment, generally of about ten feet square. The door does not admit of a man's entering upright; but as the bottom is dug out about two feet, when in the room, an erect posture is possible. A mat, some large vessels to hold water, which it is the constant occupation of the women to fetch, a pitcher made of fine porous clay, found best in Upper Egypt, near Cunie, and in which the water is kept very cool, a rice pan, and coffee-pot, are all the or-

naments and utensils. Here then a whole family eat and sleep, without any consideration of decency or cleanliness, being in regard to the latter, worse even than the beasts of the field, who naturally respect their own tenements. It was scarcely possible to witness this disgusting scene, to behold men, women, and children so wretched, so hideous, and so abject, without reflections not very conforming to doctrines, which for the happiness of the world should be inculcated; and the beautiful reasoning of the philosopher and poet, was scarce sufficient to check the presumptuous discontent.

"All the villages have high mud walls, flanked with little towers of the same material, to protect them from the Bedouin Arabs. At night a constant guard is mounted, and the faithful dog, who in Egypt is treated with such barbarity, protects the thankless master's property; for the magazines of corn are formed on the outside of the walls, otherwise they would be too extended for the inhabitants to defend. The property of each village is deposited in one place, every individual owner heaping up his own rick, and keeping it distinct from his neighbours, by preserving a path round. Thus the depot resembles a corn field in England, only more compressed, previously to its produce being carried into the barns: but the interior regulations of these little independent states, and general system of government in the country, are beyond the limits of this work; nor could they be so well described as General Reynier has succeeded in doing, who has exemplified these details in a very instructive and able manner, since his knowledge and talents were not, as in his Military History, fettered with prejudice. A perusal of his work is well worth the attention of every man to whom legislation is interesting."

The following picture of Cairo is another instance of the different impressions excited in different minds by the same objects:

"The inspection of Grand Cairo was no less big with disappointment. The French had anticipated on their arrival the sight of magnificent buildings, grand squares, sumptuous decorations, a general appearance of wealth and riches, of commerce, the enjoyment of every luxury in all the profusion of eastern splendor, in short, a capital where their recreations would amply compensate them for the misery they had suffered on their route thither. This city they fondly fancied to have been the emporium, which was the object of the expedition, and the reward of France to them for their services in Europe. Great therefore was their disappointment, when they saw none of these expectations realized, but on the contrary, the desperate certainty that they were involved in a wretchedness, from which they could not escape.

"The English, instructed by their error, expected little, yet did not reduce their ideas low enough.

"The town of Boulac, which is the great suburb of Cairo, was one heap of ruins, having been destroyed by the French during the siege in the insurrection in the year 1799. A few wretched hovels, and two or three barracks, were the only remaining buildings of this once large and populous fauxbourg.

"The city of Cairo itself is also very much shattered at the different entrances; the streets are about two yards wide, the houses very high, and built of brick, like those of Rosetta.

"The palaces of the Beys are large; two or three of them are very fine buildings; particularly Cassan Bey's, where the Institute was held, and the house in Place Bequier, in which Kleber lived, and in the garden of which he was murdered.*

* He was stabbed whilst walking on a terrace, and several drops of his blood still mark the railing against which he staggered.

"Place Bequier is a large open square, where most of the beys resided, but many of their houses have been destroyed by the French; indeed, one whole side is in ruins. This place has, however, been otherwise improved by them, trees being planted on each side of the roads, which cross the square at right angles, and fosses having been dug to retain the water, with the view of checking the dreadful quantity of dust which flies from the sand and ruins always in the evening.

"To conceive the true nature of this insufferable nuisance, the whirlwind of other countries must be imagined as occurring every evening, and filling the whole atmosphere of Egypt with burning dust, and the light particles of rubbish. Thus the only part of the day which is tolerable from the diminution of heat, cannot be taken advantage of as the opportunity for exercise.*

"The French had intended to have opened the streets of Cairo, and formed through Place Bequier a magnificent road from the citadel to Giza; but the distraction of the times did not allow of these improvements being attended to, and thus the city bears irretrievable monuments of their ravages, with very few indeed of their benefits. The bairas or exchanges, which the merchants occupy, are large square buildings, divided into little shops, in which the treasures of the caravans were deposited. Since the arrival of the French, none had come from Arabia, and even an unwashed shawl was not to be bought.

"The citadel, in which the Pacha was always kept as a kind of state prisoner, is a miserable paltry castle and the avenue of houses leading to it is horrible. In the citadel is the celebrated well called Joseph's, being dug in the time of a Vizir bearing that name. It is excavated in the rock, is two hundred and eighty feet deep, and forty-two in circumference. Winding stairs lead gradually to the bottom, and some way down, oxen are employed in turning the wheels to raise the water, which is very brackish.

"The circumference of the city of Cairo, including the suburb of Boulac, is six miles; and yet this place, till lately, was considered in the east, and partially through Europe, as the largest capital in the world.

"The people were excessively dirty, mostly affected in their eyes; and swarms of beggars, distorted, or unnatural formed wretches, crowded the streets. The manners and customs of the inhabitants are so well delineated in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, that every one has been agreeably made acquainted with them."

The sequel of this work contains some valuable particulars respecting the diseases of Egypt. The author maintains that the plague is local, occasioned by a corrupted atmosphere, and never introduced by contagion. This appears to be the creed of the French physicians, and is made at least plausible by the facts enumerated by the author. Indeed the medical science is that branch of knowledge which will be most indebted to the campaigns in Egpyt.

The catalogue of major and minor plagues to which Egypt is subject, is a terrible list. They are such as to deter any reasonable being from ever residing in the country, who has the choice of leaving it; but we are not thoroughly apprized of those advantages which belong to the country, and of the influence of custom to inure us to physical and moral evils.

* Independent of this general state of the atmosphere, large pillars of dust and wind are always visible. Sometimes in the circle of the horizon twenty are to be seen, and scarcely ever fewer than four or five. Their force is very great, and the tents were instantly blown into the air by them.

POETRY....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

PHILANTHROPY....A PRAYER.

O for the heart whose spacious arms
Can bear the world along;
Whose ear, no jarring note alarms,
In Nature's general song!

Who hears from all that BE, arise
The harmonies of praise,
And Echo bring them from the skies,
As in primæval days:

Like him that made, preserves and ends
The scene abroad displayed;
O! for the mind, whose eye extends
To all that HE has made!

That can the boon divine bestow
Of universal love,
And boundless praise; since ALL BELOW
IS GOOD, AND ALL ABOVE.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO LAURA, OFFENDED.

THREE days had passed with lingering steps away,
While I to narrow verge confined,
To body's pain and solitude a prey,
And sad unrest of mind.

The *fourth* serene and painless rose,
I hie me to thy door;
It opens, but thy altered aspect shews
An open heart no more.

A *stranger* I, thou hail'd'st me *Friend* no more;
Nor welcome sweet bestowed:
No questions that the absent past explore,
In tender accents flow'd.

A brow, alas! severely bent, was thine;
Reluctant was thy hand;
Thy eyes, that so serenely us'd to shine,
Their sternest glance command.

To tedious exile from thy converse, I,
By sickly blasts consigned,
A respite from the long-drawn, lonely sigh,
At some time hoped to find.

Ah, Laura, wilt thou snatch that hope away?
And lost must I believe thee?
Not merely take from life its dearest stay
Of life itself bereave me.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DOCTOR JENNER.

JENNER, permit a muse unknown to fame
To twine a scanty wreath around thy name;
Proceed and prosper in the generous plan,
Of mitigating woes of suffering man.
While gentler gales exhale their fragrant breath
'Tis thine to blunt another dart of death;
In Pity's service bear a noble part,
Nor check the ardor of thy glowing heart.
To quench the burning pang, the feverish groan,
Must sure be incense sweet at Mercy's throne.
Go on, secure that heaven thy views will bless,
And crown thy efforts with the wish'd success.
At length the slaughterous rage of war must cease,
Ah! then go forward in the works of peace!
In foremost rank with spotless flag unfurl'd,
Publish thy mission to a listening world.
Behold! our plains luxuriant catch the sound
And spread with joy the grateful tidings round;
'Midst hardy sons of northern lands begun,
They reach the climes that own a burning sun.

O'er the blue mists of Alleghany rise,
Mingling with purest airs of western skies;
Down the bold stream of fair Ohio roll,
And fill with pleasing awe the farmer's soul;
Diffusing balmy comfort far and wide
Float on the waves of Missisippi's tide.
Even 'midst the forest's dark and gloomy round,
Where yet the woodman's axe must not resound,
The future mothers, as their babes they kiss,
Shall breathe a prayer to heaven for Jenner's bliss.

P. D.

December, 1801.

For the Literary Magazine.

ARTABAN THE ROBBER.

An Extract from a Manuscript Poem.

SKIRTING the north a chain of mountains spreads,
That with their blue heads pierce the passing clouds.
No culture tames the fierceness of their soil;
The larch-tree climbs their steep and rocky sides,
In which with toil some ruffian-hordes have delved
Some wild and darksome dens; from which they come
At night's still hour, in search of food and spoil
And urged by thirst of blood. These bands are led
By ARTABAN of giant-port, and skilled
In wiles, and all the robber's artifice.
His arm descends like some high-falling tower
On the sad stranger wandering in the dark,
And, like a whirlwind, in his wrath, he sweeps
Unsheltered villages, unguarded flocks.
Grim visaged man! none but the brave can meet
The terrors of his dark and flashing eye,
Or mark the bend of his o'ershadowing brows....
His stride is dreadful to the fields of strife,
And his bright armour fear-strikes hosts of men.
He like a God by all his clan is feared;
His nod, his look, is by them all obeyed.
One who had dared to question his command
Was piece-meal hewn by his indignant sword,
And thrown to blood-hounds to regale their thirst.
He has withstood the threats and power of kings,
And plans to seize him frequently has braved.
Many strange tales concerning him are told
Expressive of his fierce and wayward mind.
A band of men his lonely steps had traced
Far from his mountains to a hollow glen.
Within their grasp they thought their prey secure,
And filled the air with saucy shouts of joy.
But as they eagerly press'd on to seize
The mighty robber in his hollow nook,
He disappointed all their hopes of triumph.
Collecting all his strength, he dashed to earth
The foremost who advanced, and with a bound
Flew o'er the heads of those who yet press'd on,
And swift as lightning disappeared from view;
Nor could their search discover his retreat.
A pilgrim clambering o'er the rocks benighted,
Sought shelter from the storm within his cave,
ARTABAN then was prowling on the plains.
The stranger wearied threw himself to rest
On some dry-leaves, and closed his eyes in sleep.
He had not slumbered long when he was roused
By the loud blast of an approaching horn,
And by the entrance of the scowling thief.
The pilgrim started from his bed of leaves.

ARTABAN's dress, his manners and his looks
Told what he was: and the affrighted man
Waited in terror his descending blow.
The chief of robbers when his eyes first met
The stranger sheltered in his rugged cave
Unsheathed his sword, and with his eyes on fire,
Rov'd o'er the figure of the trembling man;
But when he saw him poor, in tattered cloths
With age worn down, he gently bade him stay,
Rest on his leaves and fear from him no harm.
When morning came he led him on his way,
And him in peace and better garb dismissed. I. O.

SELECTIONS.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE PARADES.

THIS man, being of an ardent spirit and an enterprising soul, by the eccentricity of his character divided the opinion of the world.... By some he was supposed equal to the highest enterprises; while others regarded him as a desperate adventurer: but by his wit and the lively display of his talents, he had gained the confidence of M. de Sartine and the Count de Maurepas, who afterwards employed him in the most dangerous attempts.

Towards the close of the year 1774, Parades completed his tour through Swisserland and the lower Valais, where making himself agreeable to several persons of science and distinction, he was employed as an engineer; in which capacity he formed the superb project of opening, by means of a canal from the Rhone, a communication between Geneva and the Vicentin, the object of which was to render France mistress of an immense commerce. This plan was laid before the Marquis de Vergennes, then ambassador to the Swiss Cantons, who judging it of the highest importance, sent the projector, with letters of recommendation, to the Comte de Vergennes at Paris, where he arrived early in the year 1778, and took the title of the Comte de Parades, for the first time.

Unfortunately for the kingdom of France, and the honour and advantage of the engineer, this scheme was laid aside: but France then being in a state of fermentation, in expectancy of a war with England, Parades entertained hopes of being once more actively employed. Having well weighed the probabilities of his future fortune, he resolved to pass over into England, to acquire an accurate knowledge of the strength of Great-Britain; of her forces by sea and land; of her maritime fortifications; with such other information as might form the basis of his future exaltation.

He put his design into execution, and early in February arrived in England, where he visited all the principal towns; examining every thing worthy of notice, and digesting his remarks into a memorial, with which he arrived at Paris in March. This memorial was presented to M. de Sartine, who praising his zeal expressed his satisfaction, and recommended another journey into England, entirely for the purpose of procuring correct plans of every sea-port; to learn the separate stations of the British navy; the number of ships of war ready for sea, with those refitting and building; the condition of the magazines and dock-yards; and, in short, of every thing connected with the English maritime resources.

Parades accordingly quitted Versailles a second time, and soon after arrived in England, where he most strictly fulfilled his commission: he

then returned to Paris, and was still more warmly received by the ministers of France.

M. de Sartine wishing to establish faithful agents (or rather spies,) at every port of consequence, sent Parades a third time to England, with 25,000 livres, to be properly disposed of. This indefatigable partizan, after several disappointments, at length discovered a person who exactly suited his purpose; and this person agreed to procure him all the information he required, on condition of receiving a stated sum as a deposite, and 100*l.* sterling per month. All being agreed on, this traitor to his country introduced him to two Jews, in whom (he said) Parades might confide, and with whom he set off for London; a journey more interesting, but infinitely more dangerous, than the two he had undertaken before.

By means of these conductors, and the letters of recommendation he was furnished with, (added to a complete knowledge of the English language,) Parades got admittance into every place he wished to visit. He received invitations to dine from persons entrusted with the dock-yards, and other places of importance; where every movement was closely observed by him, and privately noted down.

An adventure he met with in his third tour to Plymouth is so extraordinary, that it deserves recording, and shall be given in his own words:

"We entered Plymouth at midnight, and though I had taken no rest during several days, yet I declined going to bed. My design was to reconnoitre by break of day the citadel, which I had only imperfectly viewed in my last two voyages.

"I took as my conductor, a labourer whom I met in the street, and arrived at the glacis a little after the opening of the gates. The two first centinels suffered us to pass freely, and when we had entered the place, I turned to the left up the slope that leads to the ramparts; having quickly traversed those parts of the fortification that overlooked the country, I repaired to the saliant angle of the bastion on the right of the road, where I took such sketches as were necessary. In about an hour, I wished to change my situation to the left bastion; but in passing along the curtain, (for it is necessary to observe that no centinel is placed on the rampart in the whole circuit of the place,) I was observed by a soldier mounting guard at a short distance; this centinel, astonished to see two strangers on the ramparts at so early an hour, and whom he had not observed to pass, alarmed those at the guard-house: a serjeant and two fusileers approaching directly towards me, nothing remained but to set a good face on the matter. I therefore leisurely descended the slope from the ramparts, as though my walk had been finished, and met them on the plain: the serjeant demanded my business in that place, where I ought to know that entrance is forbidden. I replied, that being a stranger, I was ignorant of the prohibition; and that the man who was my conductor ought to have informed me of it, as he belonged to the town and might be expected to know how far it was proper to go. "Seize the rascal (cries the serjeant,) and convey him to the guard-house." The soldiers seized my conductor by the collar and were dragging him along, when I immediately pulled out six guineas and presented them to the serjeant, saying in a low voice, "Let this poor devil go; he has done wrong to be sure, but it is through ignorance." He pocketed my money, and turning to the soldiers, called aloud, "Drive that rascal out, and take care he comes here no more." Afterwards addressing himself to me in a softened tone, he said, "Perhaps your honour would wish to see the fortress; if so, I will conduct you over it; I will only leave my fusil at the guard-house, and be with you in a moment." Placing no great confidence in his

word, I got rid of my papers by thrusting them into the mouth of a cannon I seemingly examined; but I had no cause for distrust: my friend the serjeant, after escorting me twice round the ramparts, descended with me into the batteries that command the Sound and the entrances of Catwater and Hamoaze; the most complete works of their kind I ever beheld.

"After remaining nine hours in the citadel, where I took notes of all I saw, I thought it time to retire; the serjeant accompanying me to my inn, I there gratified him with a present of two guineas more for his trouble. He then took leave, after assuring me, that he should be devoted to me as long as he lived. Previously to this I had withdrawn my papers from the cannon, finding that the danger was over. It will be seen in the sequence of what further utility this man was of to me, and with what fidelity he served me.

"I found my two Jews at the inn, greatly alarmed at my long absence; and as the object of our journey was completely accomplished, we immediately set out for London."

So far M. Parades; whose agent, not less active than himself, had made an agreement with a person disaffected to government and overwhelmed with debts, for the use of his vessel, which was to be under the direction and at the disposal of the French ministry, on the conditions of the owner's receiving 800*l.* sterling per month, and the produce of all captures from the French and Americans.

This vessel was occasionally employed by Parades as a contrabandier or smuggler, under which description he got acquainted with the officers of Hurst Castle, and landed two cargoes of spirits at the garrison; by which means he made himself fully acquainted with the strength of that key to the Needles, and conceived the project of destroying the British fleet at Spithead, by sending fire ships through this passage, and also others from the eastward from St. Helens, so as to attack the fleet at each extremity; this plan was frustrated by the envy of his rivals, who, jealous of his credit with the minister of marine, pretended to demonstrate the impracticability of this scheme, which was in consequence laid aside.

Parades having received advice from his trusty agent, that orders were issued for the equipment of twelve sail of the line at Plymouth, under the command of Admiral Byron, whose destination was America, despatched a courier to inform M. de Sartine: though the destination of this armament was kept secret, Parades found means to inform the French minister of the progress made in its fitting out, and the day that was fixed for its departure.

The English minister having received advice of the sailing of 25 ships of war from Brest, was afraid they had quitted that port with an intention of attacking Byron's squadron; in consequence of which, orders were dispatched to Admiral Keppel to sail immediately, with such ships as were then ready, to reconnoitre the French fleet, but not to engage without urgent necessity; to favour by his maneuvres, the progress of Byron, and not to lose sight of the enemy till he was sure Byron had gained a secure distance in the Atlantic; after which he was to return to Portsmouth, where all the ships at that port were preparing for sea with the utmost dispatch.

Parades had judged of the destination of these two British armaments, though it was kept secret in England, by Byron's squadron being quite complete and victualled for seven months; whereas Keppel's had provisions for only twenty days, and was greatly deficient in its complement of men; and time evinced that he judged right.

His advices and conduct were so satisfactory to M. de Sartine, that he promised him a pension of 6000 livres from the king, to prompt him to further exertion.

Admiral Keppel having sailed from Portsmouth pursuant to his orders, in quest of the French fleet, fell in with it in the channel; but as his orders were not to engage, he kept at a certain distance.

The two fleets remained several days in sight of each other. The Count d'Orvilliers made no preparations for attack, fearing to engage 32 sail of the line, instead of 20, as he had expected; and because he wanted confidence in the accounts with which Parades supplied him: so while those two fleets were watching each others motions, Byron's squadron escaped into the Western ocean. Keppel having fully executed his orders, returned to Portsmouth, carrying with him the two French frigates Pallas and Licorne, which were taken by advancing too near to reconnoitre.

From this distrust of Parades, the time for attacking either of these squadrons singly, and preventing Admiral Byron fulfilling his mission, was irretrievably lost, and its consequences felt during the whole course of the war.

Extracts from the correspondence of an American in France.

After having made a stay of six weeks in Bourdeaux, I resolved upon visiting Paris. Having applied for and obtained my passport, I proceeded to make inquiries about the different modes of travelling. The distance from Bourdeaux to Paris is about one hundred and fifty leagues, which is only fifty leagues short of the entire length of France. The common Diligence makes the journey in six days, travels very little in the night, and allows its passengers sufficient time for sleep and refreshment. The Courier, which carries the post, goes from Bourdeaux to Paris in little more than four days. This carriage admits but one passenger who is more hurried than a traveller would wish to be in a country so worthy of observation as France. It is so unusal to travel post here, that their post carriages, or *cabriolets*, are horrid machines, and unsafe conveyances. The inns on the road are so little accustomed to be visited by persons travelling post, that they are not prepared to receive them. Every inn has its *table d' hote*, and its regular hour for dinner and supper: those travellers who come at this regular hour are sure of meeting with entertainment, at a moderate price; but those who do not come at the regular hour can hardly get any thing to eat. So that, all circumstances being considered, it is best to content one's self with the accommodation of the Diligences, which, being almost the universal mode of travelling in France, are put under very good regulations.

While I was looking out for a conveyance to Paris, I was not a little surprised at reading, in an advertisement respecting one of these Diligences,

"On ne met pas *des boeufs* á ce voiture."

Des boeufs! Oxen to a Diligence, gave me a very strange notion of French travelling. But, upon making inquiries respecting that circumstance, I was informed, that parts of the road had been, in winter, in such a wretched condition, that, in those bad spots, they preferred oxen to horses, as having more dead strength, and being consequently better able to pull the carriages through the sloughs; but as soon as the bad spots were passed, the horses were again put to the carriage. Before I attempt describing the country, I shall first give you a description of the French Diligences, which, as I before mentioned, may be considered as the universal mode of travelling in France, and which is the only way by which money is remitted between Paris and the departments, whether for the national treasury, or the use of individuals. Almos tall the Diligences in France belong to two or three great establishments in

Paris (the principal of which is the company of *St. Simon.*) They are, therefore, all of them so much alike both in their appearance, and their regulations, that a description of one of them may be considered a description of them all: and whoever has travelled in one French Diligence must have a pretty good idea of the universal mode of travelling in France. Those carriages are, in general, as good as the stage coaches in England, of nearly the same construction, and, like them, accommodate six inside passengers.

Fresh horses and postilions are taken every post (that is, every two or three leagues) and the drivers rewarded with a penny or two pence from each passenger.

As the carriage is driven by postilions belonging to the post-houses, there is no coachman; but, in the place of one, is sent a confidential person to take care of the carriage, be responsible for any incidental expenses, and see that the passengers are properly treated at the inns. This man is called *le conducteur*, or the conductor. Instead of a coach-box, there is in the front of the coach, a cabriolet, where one sits as comfortable as in a phaeton, having, in fine weather, the advantage of air and prospect, and having curtains, by drawing of which one can, in bad weather, shelter one's self from its inclemency. This cabriolet is the station of the *conducteur*, and admits also two passengers.

The Diligences are in general well appointed and well regulated; the horses good, and the travelling as expeditious as the state of the roads will admit of.

The roads have been very much neglected since the revolution; or, to speak perhaps more correctly, the government has been so distressed for want of money to carry on the war, that they have been obliged to seize on those funds that were destined for the repair of the roads. This has been the cause of the present ruinous state of the roads in this country. Although the Diligences are, as before said, very well appointed, yet it is impossible for an Englishman to avoid laughing at the strange appearance of the French postilions, in those absurd and monstrous machines, that they call *boots*.

They come up to the middle of the thigh, are thick enough for Ajax's shield, and are, I verily believe, musket-proof. Sometimes these boots are not made of leather, but of wood, covered with leather; they stand upright in the stable yard, and the postilion steps into them with the greatest ease. I can confidently say, that nothing of the burlesque has been exhibited on the stage, or in the caricature shops, which is more ludicrous than the appearance of a French postilion in his boots.

As there is no circulation of paper money in France, and all remittances must be made in *argent comptant*, or ready cash, which is sent by these carriages every Diligence carries a considerable sum of money. This gives such a temptation to indigent and desperate men to attack these carriages for the sake of plunder, that the case occurs very frequently. The robbers are generally so well armed, and so numerous, that resistance is in vain; but (luckily for the passengers) in order to give respectability to their vocation, they usually make it a point not to plunder or molest the travellers, and often abstain entirely from what is private property. They only demand the money of the Republic, with which they say they are at war, and profess to be royalist soldiers, and not robbers. There is another class of brigands however, who are not so scrupulous, but take whatever they can lay their hands on, without inquiring whether it is public or private property. This evil is grown to such an alarming height, that government has at length occupied itself seriously in directing such measures as will probably soon put an effectual stop to this species of brigandage. The *conducteur*, per-

ceiving me to be a stranger, and consequently unacquainted with the customs of travelling, offered to pay my expenses on the road, for which he would settle with me on our arrival in Paris. I gladly embraced this offer; it saved me a good deal of trouble, and some money, as I should certainly have given more to the postillions and servants than what is customary in this country. On my arrival at Paris, he presented my account, and I found that my whole expense of travelling from Bourdeaux to Paris (which is farther than from London to Edinburgh) amounted to about seven guineas. The journey took up six days, and we had sufficient time for sleeping on the road.

This, I think, may convey to you a tolerable idea of the rate and expense of travelling in France. As to our living on the road, we always had two regular meals, the *diner* and the *souper*. At both those meals, the table was covered with a variety of dishes, and a pint of good wine was placed at each corner. The *diner* was usually at ten or eleven o'clock, the *souper* at five or six. An Englishman would rather call the first a meat-breakfast, and the last the dinner.

The table was regularly covered, both at dinner and supper, and the soup and heavy dishes removed by poultry—*gibier*, or game of some sort, omelets, &c. and vegetables; after which follows the dessert.

When I talk of heavy dishes being removed, you will probably wonder what I mean by heavy dishes in *France*. In the first place, there is always on the table a large piece of beef, which has been boiled for the soup. As France is as famous for soup and *bouille*, as old England for roast-beef, the French cooks have the art (perhaps more than any other) of making good soup, without spoiling the meat, the best pieces of which are used here for soup.

A leg of mutton roasted, or, as they call it, *un gigot de mouton braisee* (which means dressed with charcoal, in distinction to baked meat) is a very favourite dish here; there is always a *roti* either of beef, mutton, or veal; but one does not see large joints roasted as with us.

I believe that they do not know how to roast a large joint of meat in France: their little charcoal fires, and their kitchens (which are quite in Count Rumford's style) were not constructed for dressing very large joints, and I doubt very much whether they have such a contrivance as a jack for roasting meat in the whole country.

I met once, among the side dishes, with a *fricassee of frogs*: as we have heard so much of this French dish, I was determined to taste it: I was helped to some of it, and thought it very nice. The frogs grow here to a much larger size than in England, the hind quarters only are eat. I am convinced, that if English frogs was as large as the French, this dish, instead of being despised in England, would be considered a delicacy. The mention of French frogs and English beef reminds me of a story I heard told at a *table d' hote*, by a French officer of character. He said, that at a time when he was prisoner in England; he was asked by an English officer, whether there was any *beef* in France? He answered, with much gravity, that there was not; and that, for want of beef, Frenchmen eat frogs. So I have heard, replied the Englishman. But then, Sir, rejoined the French officer, our frogs are of a very different kind from yours. They are almost as large as your oxen!—we plough our fields with them first, and then eat them. Indeed! said John Bull, opening his mouth wide with astonishment, and swallowing the story of the French frogs, that were nearly as large as English oxen. Having now given you a general view of my journey, I shall, in my next, give you a more minute detail of circumstances, and some description of the face of the country.

[*To be continued.*]

in page 277

DR. WHITMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE GREEK WOMEN.

THE Greek women have the face, which is beautiful and of an oval form, uncovered. Their eyes are black, as are also their eye-brows, to which, as well as to their eye-lids, they pay a particular attention, rubbing them over, to bestow on them a deeper hue, with a leaden ore reduced to an impalpable powder, blended with an unctuous matter to give it consistence. Their complexion is generally pale. They wear their hair, which is of a great length, and of a deep shining black, in tresses, and sometimes turned back, in a fanciful way, on the head. In other instances it hangs loosely down the back, extending to the hips. They are commonly dressed in a pelice of silk, satin, or some other material: they are costly in their attire, in the choice of which they are not attached to any particular colour. On the head they wear a small cap.

The Greek women marry at about the age of fifteen; they are short-lived. At twenty-five they wrinkle and decay, bearing the appearance altogether of old women. They have fine children, who, however, partake of the pallid complexion of the mothers. It is unquestionably to the too frequent use of the warm bath, to which the Greek women are so much habituated, that their very relaxed and debilitated state is to be ascribed; and this abuse, added to their natural indolence and their inaction, as certainly tends to shorten their lives.

DR. WHITMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE TURKISH PROCESSION AT THE OPENING OF THE BEYCAM CAVIBAM.

ABOUT eight o'clock in the morning the procession commenced; but the Grand Seignior did not make his appearance until half past nine. The dresses of all those who composed the procession were splendid and costly. The fine horses on which they were mounted, and more especially those of the eunuchs and principal officers of state, were most gorgeously caparisoned, the housings of many of them being of gold embroidery, studded with precious stones, by which a very brilliant effect was produced. In the turban of the Grand Seignior was a beautiful aigrette of very great value, the diamonds of which it was composed being of uncommon magnitude. Several of his horses, on which his shield and various trophies were carrried, were led in the procession; and being very richly caparisoned, and ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, gave a brilliancy and magnificence to the scene, which far exceeded any idea I could have previously formed of it.

During the procession, a Turkish officer was constantly employed in throwing on the heads of the populace handfuls of new paras (small coins). The contest which ensued, to pick them up, afforded to the Turkish spectators no little amusement.

The Grand Seignior, who was very superbly mounted, was followed by his sword-bearer, carrying his sabre, the hilt of which was profusely studded with diamonds. Next came several officers of his seraglio, richly dressed, bearing on cushions his turbans, ornamented with diamonds and other gems. The streets were lined on each side with janissaries, whose dress-caps appeared to me both ridiculous and unbecoming. As the Sultan passed along, he from time to time bowed with great affability to the people, all of whom prostrated themselves at his approach.

The kisla aga, or chief of the eunuchs, officiated at the mosque, and wore on his return a valuable pelice and a rich caftan, with which the Grand Seignior had presented him. Several other caftans, of qualities suited to the rank of those for

whom they were destined, were distributed by the Sultan on this occasion.

The procession was conducted with great decorum, and throughout the whole of it, the best order observed. It would be impossible to describe all the striking appearances it exhibited, or to enter into a detail of the great variety and extreme singularity of the magnificent costumes which were displayed. To be brief—it afforded to us strangers a spectacle truly novel and interesting, and fully repaid us for the trouble we had taken to be comprehended among the number of the spectators. By eleven o'clock the streets were cleared.

LIST OF MONTHLY PUBLICATIONS IN LONDON (1800.)

	s.	*d.*
Army List sells at	1	0
Anderson's Recreations in Agriculture	1	6
Anti-Jacobin Review	2	0
Arminian Magazine	0	6
British Critic Review	2	0
British Magazine	1	6
Britannic ditto	1	0
Botanical ditto	1	0
Critical Review	2	0
Chirurgical ditto	1	6
Commercial Magazine	1	0
Copper-plate ditto	1	0
Donovan's British Insects	1	0
....'s Shells	2	6
European Magazine	1	6
.... Repertory	2	0
Evangelical Magazine	0	6
Fashions of London and Paris	1	6
Gentleman's Magazine	1	6
German Museum	1	6
Gospel Magazine	1	6
General Baptist's ditto	0	6
Historical ditto	1	6
London Review	1	6
London Medical Magazine	1	6
Lady's Magazine	1	0
Lady's Museum	1	0
Monthly Review	2	0
.... Magazine	1	6
.... Preceptor	1	0
Monthly Mirror	1	0
.... Epitome	0	6
.... Visitor	1	0
Medical and Physical Journal	2	0
Military Journal	2	6
Naval Biography	2	0
.... Chronicle	2	6
.... Magazine	1	0
Navy List	0	6
Naturalist's Miscellany	2	0
Nicholson's Journal	2	6
Philosophical Magazine	2	0
Repertory of Arts	1	6
Sowerby's Botany	1	6
Sporting Magazine	1	0
Universal ditto	1	6
Young's Annals of Agriculture	2	0
Zoological Magazine	1	0

ACCOUNT OF ALGIERS.

THE inhabitants of the Algerine State are partly Turks, partly Moors, and partly Christians and Jews. Each of these four divisions contains different subdivisions.

The Turks have established themselves here since the middle of the sixteenth century, and have rendered themselves so formidable, that that they may be considered as the lords of the country. They are the nobility: their privileges are founded on their personal valour; and in their hands are all the offices and employments; the other inhabitants being kept by them in a state of ignorance and subjection. All the Turks settled here, have at different times arrived either as emigrants, or even fugitives, from the dominion of the Grand Seignior. According to the established constitution of Algiers, no native of the country can be a Turk: he only is considered as a genuine Turk, and enjoys the privileges annexed to that class, who is descended from Mahomedan parents, or born of a Mahomedan mother, in the dominions of the Grand Seignor. Renegadoes, who come from Turkey to Algiers, are indeed in one respect

esteemed Turks, but not so noble as the others; holding a rank as much inferior to the genuine Turks, as the new to the old nobility in Europe. Formerly the number of Turks established at Algiers was from fourteen to sixteen thousand men: but now they at most amount to nine or ten thousand, among whom there are many invalids. The vacancies occasioned by death or otherwise, are filled up by recruiting, chiefly at Smyrna and Alexandria, where young men are, by tempting and fallacious promises, enticed to leave their native land, and enter into the service of the Dey. The recruits who here offer themselves are almost all of the lowest class of the populace, runaway artificers, shepherds, criminals escaped from the hands of justice, among whom there are not seldom murderers and villians guilty of other the most atrocious crimes. Their first reception at Algiers answers not to their high-wrought expectations: they receive a few coarse clothes, free quarters in the barracks, daily two small loaves of bread, and every other month 406 aspers. Twelve or even sixteen years may thus be passed, before a Turk is raised to the class of those who are entitled to the highest pay. Such as have relations, or exercise a trade, subsist tolerably well: the others overrun the country in bands, and live by plundering and robbing. These excesses are indeed sometimes punished by the government: but, as the cause still continues to exist, they cannot be entirely suppressed. No wonder, then, if the Turks are hated by the Moors: but their hatred shews itself in acts of vengeance only against such of them as singly stray too far into the country; for, on the whole, they are more feared than hated by the cowardly natives.

The Turks resident in Algiers are ignorant, proud in the highest degree, lazy, voluptuous, revengeful and jealous: but then they are at the same time faithful, sincere, courageous, and tolerant. The meanest Turk esteems himself far superior to the Moors, Christians and Jews. These ideas of superiority, which he brings with him from his native country, are nourished and confirmed by the privileges he enjoys at Algiers.

In repose and conveniency the inhabitant of the East places his chief happiness. Stretched in indolent ease on his carpet, the opulent Turk smokes with voluptuous relish his pipe, remains for hours in the same posture, drinks his coffee, slumbers between whiles when he has no company; takes sometimes by way of change a little opium; again smokes his pipe; orders his slaves to perfume him, and in particular his beard, with incense; and in such a round of enjoyments consumes the whole day. Those who are less favoured by fortune enjoy as much as they can, and for this purpose hasten to the coffee-house, to smoke their pipes at ease, to view the passengers, and enjoy the pleasant delirium arising from opium. Even the poor and indigent will live on a scanty portion of the coarsest food, and wander about the streets dirty and covered with rags, rather than submit to work. Nothing is able to rouse the Turk from his inactivity; he seems merely to vegetate, and to prefer this torpid state of existence to every other.

This indolence is accompanied with an unbounded propensity to sensual pleasures. A moderate passion for the sexual intercourse is in this country a rare phenomenon. Not less excessive is the Algerine Turk in his jealousy: no punishment is so cruel, no deed so black, but the offended party will resolve upon, to wreak his vengeance on his rival. As the Turk knows no higher happiness on earth than the gratification of his voluptuous desires, and as his heart is full of it, his lips overflow with it, and it forms the darling subject of his conversation: here his habitually serious countenance brightens up;

and his fancy is sufficiently awakened to furnish him with the necessary images. Those who are strongly built, live upon a generous and nourishing diet, belong to the beautiful races of man, and are justly renowned for herculean powers. But as they enter upon the course of pleasure at too early an age, they preserve the reputation of superior prowess for only a short time.

Avarice, too, is a characteristic of the Turks at Algiers. Their original indigence lays the first foundation of this passion. In the sequel, domestic cares, and the extraordinary expenditure necessary to smooth their way to promotion and to the offices of the state, render parsimony a duty, which at last degenerates into the most sordid avarice. The Turk, however, has likewise his good side. One may almost always rely on his word, and reckon upon his fidelity and promised assistance: he is a stranger to dissimulation and to deceitful evasions. A Turk will seldom secretly purloin any thing, whatever he takes, he takes openly and by force, from pride or revenge. He as much abhors cunning and deceit, as he does pusillanimity and cowardice. It must be observed, however, that among the Turks their natural disposition to these virtues becomes considerably weakened in proportion as they rise to high honours and dignities.

The Turks not only think, but act tolerantly: at the most, they pity those who profess not their religion. Some of them even think too nobly and rationally, to condemn those of a different persuasion merely for following the dictates and conviction of their consciences. Nay, there are not wanting instances of Turks exhorting their Christian slaves to the observance of the external rites of Christian worship. Renegadoes are by the most of them despised. In general the Algerine Turk is equally a stranger to fanaticism and bigotry; he hates both.

The privileges and perogatives of the Turks here are merely personal. They pay no poll-tax, and have an exclusive title to rise to the first offices of the state: to the dignity of *Dey*, none but a genuine Turk can be exalted. No Turk can be punished except by the express command of the Dey: when condemned to death, the mode of putting them to death, according to rule, is by strangling: sometimes, though rarely and for secret reasons of state, the execution is performed by the administration of a dose of poison in a cup of coffee. To their other privileges must likewise be added, that they buy all the necessaries of life at a lower price; that from all gardens and vineyards which are not inclosed with high walls, they may take as much fruit as they can eat; and that their testimony, all other circumstances being equal, is always preferred to and held of more value than that of the Moors, Jews, and Christians... Their male children and descendants inherit only a small part of these privileges; and constitute a peculiar class of men, who are next in rank and dignity to the Turks.

These sons, who spring from the marriages of Turks with women natives of Algiers, are called *Cololis* or *Coloris*. They have the privilege to be in cases of necessity admitted, by permission of the Dey, into the military. After their enrolment, they are considered as equal to the genuine Turks, and advance like them in rank and pay. They may likewise be raised to civil offices of the state, but not to the first. The number of these *Coloris* is considerable, especially in the vicinity of the capital. Among them are ancient, rich, and respectable families. The sons even of the Dey himself belong to the class of Coloris; and consequently cannot succeed to the throne, or to any of the higher offices of state. It may even be asserted, that the richest and most considerable families of this country consist of Colo-

ris; as all the Beys, Califs and Caits are always Turks, who leave great wealth to their children. The Coloris form a middle class betwixt the Turks and Moors: they are certainly the most dangerous enemies of the domination of the Turks, and continual envy and mistrust subsists between both parties. The government therefore admits as few as possible of the Coloris into the military corps; nor ever employs them in secret and dangerous expeditions; and, in case of any dispute arising between them, always favours the Turks. With respect to the character of the Coloris, they resemble the Turks in being proud, vain, jealous and courageous; and likewise votaries of sensual pleasure, but more laborious and addicted to business. On the other hand, they partake of the perfidy and dissimulation of the Moors, and of their propensity to superstition. In bodily strength and structure, they are not inferior to the Turks, and cannot in this respect be distinguished from them. Being the descendants of the richest and most considerable men, many of whom have travelled into distant countries, they undoubtedly belong to the most intelligent and cultivated part of the inhabitants of Algiers, from whose conversation a European may derive entertainment and instruction..... They have likewise a genius for the arts; and the most expert artists and artificers of the country are Coloris.

The second grand division of the inhabitants of Algiers is the *Moors*. Under this general name are comprehended the *Moors* properly so called; the *Cabyles*, mixed with *Brebers* (*Berbers*); and several proper *Arabian tribes*. The *Moors* in the Algerine dominions (*Mauri Mauritani*) must not be confounded with the *Negroes*, the more so, as their natural colour is as white and beautiful as that of the natives of the south of France, of Spain, and Italy. The country people, indeed, who expose themselves half naked to the burning rays of the sun, have an adust and reddish-yellow appearance: but this is not the natural colour of their bodies.

With respect to their moral character, the Moors of this country are inferior to the Turks. They are malicious, false, cowardly, revengeful, fanatical, ignorant, superstitious, fraudulent, avaricious, and, as far as regards the lower class, likewise thievish and rapacious. But, then, they are more active than the Turks, and especially have a turn for commerce and the mechanic arts. The Moors who live in the cities, do not appear in so odious a light: for, by their frequent intercourse and dealings with other nations, they become more polished. They are likewise for the most part, in easy circumstances, and some of them even rich. The Turks are hated, and even despised, by the rich Moors; who reject and avoid all connection and inter-marriage with them and the Coloris: but they dare not openly shew their hatred and pride; on the contrary, they are obliged to take refuge in dissimulation and flattery, and to purchase with presents, patrons and protectors among the Turks. The less wealthy Moors in the towns are for the most part artificers: many of them likewise follow the sea service. Among the rich, and those of a higher rank, we find some, who even are fond of books, and apply to the study of the sciences; but their knowledge extends not beyond the Koran, and history, as told by the Arabian writers and chronicles. The greatest villians in the cities are found among the lowest class of Moors: these cannot be kept within bounds and restrained from crimes of every kind, but by extreme severity, bordering on cruelty. The *Biscaris* form a small exception. Very few of the country people who are Moors are wealthy: the greater part have hardly a sufficiency to satisfy their most pressing wants. On them rests with all its weight the despotic pressure of the govern-

ment and its tax-gatherers and agents. They are ignorant, rude, and uncultivated, and strangers to all the advantages and comforts of social life. They retain the ancient custom of distinguishing themselves by families and tribes. In the towns this distinction is no longer attended to: which circumstance would seem to corroborate the opinion of those who maintain that the inhabitants of the cities are descendants of the Moors who were expelled from Spain and Portugal. Many Moorish families do not remain constantly at a fixed place of abode, but lead a nomadical life. Some of the poorest settle on the estates of the wealthy Moors, Turks, or Coloris, where they earn their subsistence by cultivating the land under certain conditions. These fare better than their nomadical brethren, are more civilized, nor have so savage and frightful an appearance. Among all the Moorish tribes in the country, polygamy prevails: but in the towns they seldom avail themselves of this privilege. Into the chief military corps, or the infantry, the Moors are never admitted: but the whole cavalry of the Dey of Algiers is composed of them; for the Turks and Coloris seldom serve as horse-soldiers. This body of cavalry are not bad troops; but they are not much esteemed, as the government cannot rely on them so confidently as upon the infantry: besides, from the mountainous state of the country, cavalry cannot be so often and usefully employed.

The Moorish mountaineers are called *Cabyles* or *Cabeyls*: they are partly the immediate descendants of the most ancient inhabitants of the country, and are in this respect frequently denominated *Brebers* or *Berbers*; partly the mixed progeny of the aborigines and of the nations who in former times invaded and settled in the country; but all of them have always been, and still are distinguished from the other inhabitants of the country by their language, love of freedom, and rude unpolished manners. The *Cabyles*, too, are divided into distinct tribes, many of which are free and independent, and do not acknowledge the superiority of Algiers; especially those who inhabit the inaccessible ridges of mountains. The neighbouring tribes are often united by friendly alliance, without, however, subjecting themselves to a common head. Others live in a continual state of contention and feud with their neighbours: the most potent causes of these quarrels are the infidelity and elopement of their wives. They are in general well grown, robust, meagre, and of a sun-burnt, red, and often blackish yellow complexion, and have black or dark-brown hair. Their external appearance is rendered still more uncouth by dirt and tattered clothes. They generally dwell in straw-huts: however, stone houses here and there occur in their *Daskras*, or villages. Their number decreases; and their love of liberty likewise gradually wears away. Only the inhabitants of the highest parts of the mountains still assert their independence, and defend their liberty with undaunted valour against every hostile attack. Their courage, joined to a perfect knowledge of the country, saves them from the superior force of their enemies: as the Algerines have several times, and even no later than twenty years ago, experienced to their cost. The government therefore endeavours to maintain a good undersanding and friendship, where force can produce no effect; and often gives way to even their unreasonable demands. Thus the *Cabyles* of *Couco* are treated with very great lenity; for the situation of their country is favourable, and they can assemble a strong army; and they carry great quantities of oil and soap for sale to Algiers. The same is the case with respect to the *Cabyles* who inhabit the sea coast about Bugia, Bona, and Tabarca. Among the *Cabyles* who acknowledge no common chief, those of the greatest age are particularly honoured: and

only their priests, or *Marabuts*, enjoy the general confidence of the tribes, and have under the cloak of religion acquired great power and authority, which in some instances has become hereditary. These then act in the capacity of heads of the tribes, form treaties of peace, send ambassadors, and are by others, and even by the Turks, considered as the chiefs of the nation. In the vicinity of the sepulchre of a deceased *Marabut*, or saint, generally is the habitation of the *Marabut* of the tribe, who gives, by means of a flag, hoisted on a pole, erected upon the edifice, the usual signal when the time of prayer arrives. From the same place signals are made, on the approach of an enemy, to the Cabyles, to assemble them at the appointed place of rendezvous. The language of the Cabyles, like that of the Moors, is a dialect of the Arabic. It deviates, however, so much from the latter, that in many places Moors and Cabyles are not able to understand one another.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

SPECIMENS OF LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

[THE Editor will occasionally give Extracts from Berdmore's Literary Resemblance, a late performance, full of good sense and acute criticism.]

LETTER I.

MY DEAR P.

THE remarks which I sent you a few days ago, on a passage in Pope's translation of Homer, have engaged me so far in the consideration of LITERARY RESEMBLANCE OR IMITATION, and the subject is so curious and interesting, that perhaps you will indulge me while I pursue it in a page or two further.

In a periodical paper, begun 1752, are cited many passages from Pope, said never to have been taken notice of, as "evidently borrowed, though they are improved."

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law.
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape.

Essay on Man, Ep. ii. V. 31.

Utque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,
Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervice superbâ
Ventosi gradimur.

Again,

Simia cœlicolûm risusque jocusque Deorum est
Tunc homo, quum temere ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque Divûm.

Palingenius.

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Must gravitation cease? when you go by;
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartre's head reserve the hanging wall.

Essay on Man, Ep. iv. V. 123.

If a good man be passing by an infirm building just in the article of falling, can it be expected that God should suspend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in order to his deliverance?

Wollaston, Rel. Nat.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Essay on Man, Ep. ii. V. 13.

What a chimera then is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and a feeble worm of the earth; the great depositary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty; the glory and scandal of the universe.

Pascal.

None of these passages can be new to you, but I have taken the liberty of transcribing them, as they furnish occasion for a few remarks: and I have selected the three above from several others; as a LEARNED CRITIC, whom, while on this subject, we cannot fail of having continually in our view, has chosen these very instances to illustrate some observations in his letter to Mr. Mason on the MARKS OF IMITATION.

It will be thought perhaps somewhat strange, that he takes no notice of the Adventurer. But we must suppose that either he had never read those ingenious essays; or, if he had, that he thought them little worthy his attention; though, in general, the sentiments, contained in this paper, seem to bear a very near relation to those, which he himself advances. Engaged, as he at all times was, in pursuits so much more important, he never, it seems, found an hour or two of leisure to read more than one work of the very learned and respectable Dr. Leland; and that one, only with an intention to refute it.

Be this as it may, he certainly stamps a value on these quotations by adopting them. He had too much respect both for himself and for his readers, to obtrude upon "their consideration, those vulgar passages, which every body recollects, and sets down for acknowledged imitations."

If you compare the different manner of the two writers, you cannot but admire the superior management and address of the LEARNED CRITIC. In the Adventurer, the passages from Pope are brought forward without preparation, and confronted at once with the authors, said to be imitated. In the LEARNED CRITIC they are ushered in with all the ceremonies of a regular introduction, and presented in form. In the first cited instance, we observe a very remarkable difference between the one and the other:

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape.

The Adventurer derives this singular passage from one Palingenius, an obscure monk. Not so the LEARNED CRITIC. He did not wish to have it thought, that he could for a moment so far forget his own character, as to waste any portion of his valuable time in turning over *such trash*; much less that the "*great poet*," so superior to ADDISON in true genius, could ever degrade himself by borrowing a thought from one of so inferior an order. More conformably therefore to that literary dignity, which, he was conscious, belonged not less to himself, than to Pope, he pronounces that the "*great poet had his eye* on Plato, who makes Socrates say, in allusion to a remark of Heraclitus:"

Ὅτι ἀνθρώπων ὁ σοφώτατος πρὸς ΘΕΟΝ πίθηκος φανεῖται.

Hipp. Major.

Conspiring with this laudable sense, which the LEARNED CRITIC at all times fondly cherished, of literary dignity, there appears to have been another motive for his conduct in this place. Had he derived the passage, as the Adventurer did before him, from Palingenius, he would have had no opportunity of exhibiting that masterly display of the true critic; and all the refined reasoning which follows, with the nice distinction between the god of the philosopher,

and the Superior Beings of the Poet, had been lost.

Does it not require more than a common share of critical acumen, a perspicacity far beyond that of "those dull minds, by which the shapes and appearances of things are apprehended only in the gross;" to discriminate between a Heathen god and a Superior Being? The real state of the case seems to be, that the LEARNED CRITIC, in order to make the sentence which he has quoted, more accommodable to his purpose, concealed, even from himself, the true meaning of the philosopher's words. The philosopher, he says, refers προς ΘΕΟΝ, i. e. not to God *the* God; but, agreeably to the idiom of the Greek language, as the word stands without the article, *a* god; one amongst many; according to the generally received opinion of the age and country in which Plato lived; as appears more evidently by what follows:

Ομολογησομεν, Ιππια, την καλλιστην παρθενον προς ΘΕΩΝ γενος αισχρον ειναι.

Again,

Και δη προς γε ΘΕΟΥΣ ὁτι ὐ καλον το ανθρωπειον γενος. κ. τ. λ.

Thus the god of the philosopher is plainly no more than one of the Superior Beings alluded to by the poet; consequently the application is, in both cases, precisely the same; addressed to the same order of beings; and the ape, ὁ πιθηκος, becomes an object either of *derision* or *admiration*, as the one or the other may chance to fall in more aptly with the writer's views.

The *great poet*, it must be said, appears in the hands of the LEARNED CRITIC to advantage; yet I doubt whether an indifferent looker-on would not, after all, be disposed to think with the Adventurer, that more probably Pope at this time *had his eye* on Paligenius. There are some plausible reasons, which seem to operate very strongly in favour of this opinion.

In a paper, printed 1745, are pointed out several Expressions, Similes, and Sentiments in Palingenius, Translated and Improved by Mr. Pope, in his Essay on Man, amongst which this very simile of the ape is one; whence it appears that the *great poet* condescended now and then to amuse himself with turning over *such trash;* and that he was tempted to turn over the pages of this obscure author more than once. At the same time I suspect that he was very little conversant in the writings of Plato.

If you are not quite wore down, I am tempted to remind you of an apparent imitation in Pope from Ovid, which I sent you some time ago. It has at least one merit, which I find is considered by other collectors of these curious trifles, as a primary recommendation. It has never, so far as I know, been *blown upon* by any of the swarm, which usually buz about the works of celebrated writers. In the Eloise you have these charming lines.

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls;
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound;
Come, sister, come! it said, or seem'd to say,
Thy place is here; sad sister, come away.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I come, I come.

Now turn to Ovid:

Est mihi marmorea sacratus in æde Sichæus,
Appositæ frondes, velleraque alba tegunt,
Hinc ego me sensi moto quater ore citari,
Ipse sono tenui dixit, *Ilissa, veni.*
Nulla mora est, *venio, venio,* &c.

Dido Æneæ, V. 99.

Here are not only the same thoughts, and expression, but, what the LEARNED CRITIC considers as a more decided mark of imitation, the same disposition of the parts, Yet it occurs to me that you doubted whether we could pronounce with certainty, that our English bard borrowed these thoughts from the Roman.

You will not think that I deal fairly with your favourite, if I do not here add another passage from the same poem, where you think, very justly, that Pope has much improved and embellished the hint which Ovid gave him.

Not Cæsar's *empress* would I deign to prove;
No! make *me mistress to the man I love.*
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, *make me that to thee.*
Si pudet uxoris, *non nupta, sed hospita dicar;*
Dum tua sit Dido, *quidlibet esse feret.*

Dido Æneæ, V. 167.

Every reader of taste will agree in the opinion of Pope's superiority. I am pleased to leave him with you under such favourable circumstances.

ADIEU.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

.....Poor Edwin was no vulgar boy:
Song was his favourite and first pursuit;
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute,
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute.

BEATTIE.

IN the periodical paper entitled *The Mirror*, is an elegant essay on the character and genius of *Michael Bruce*, a young poet of considerable ability, who was descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives, and who in the twenty-first year of his age perished under that scourge of our isle, pulmonary consumption.

In the year 1787, travelling through the western Highlands of Scotland, and returning to Edinburgh by Loch Leven and North Ferry, I rode by the house, situated about three miles from Kinross, where this ingenious youth was born. "I never look on his dwelling," says the author of the Mirror, "a small thatched house distinguised from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honey-suckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;.....I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honey-suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy."

These natural and pleasing ideas possessed my mind at the time I passed his door, which I did not do without checking my horse to indulge the tribute of a sigh. The concluding lines of his beautifully descriptive poem on Loch Leven, which was finished under the pressure of mortal disease, and at a distance from his native cottage, instantly occurred to my memory.

Thus sang the youth, amid unfertile fields
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

Loch Leven, the subject of Mr. Bruce's poem, is a beautiful fresh water Lake near twelve miles in circumference, on the side next Kinross bounded by a plain occupied by open groves, on the other side by mountains. About the centre of the lake are two islands, one of which, called St. Serf's isle, has not less than forty acres of excellent pasturage, and was formerly the seat of the ancient priory of Loch Leven dedicated to St. Servanus. On the other, which contains not above an acre of ground, stand the picturesque ruins of the castle of the Douglas's. Here was confined the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, a circumstance which, from the association of idea, throws an air of interesting melancholy around, and adds much to the effect of the scene. From this place however, she at length escaped through the assistance of George Douglas, a youth of eighteen, who had been deeply smitten with the charms of Mary, and who contrived, on Sunday night the second of May 1568, as his brother sat down to supper, to secure the keys of the castle. Having liberated his beloved prisoner he locked the gate behind her, threw the keys into the lake, and having previously secured a boat, whilst the oars of all the other boats were thrown adrift, reached the shore in safety. Mr. Gilpin in his Scotch Tour has thus elegantly allegorized this remarkable event: "But neither the walls of Loch Leven castle, nor the lake which surrounded it, were barriers against love. Mary had those bewitching charms, which always raised her friends. She wore a cestus; and might be said to number amongst her constant attendants, the God of Love himself. His ready wit restored her liberty. Time and place were obedient to his will. His contrivance laid the plan. His address secured the keys; and his activity provided the bark, to which he led her; with his own hand carrying the torch, to guide her footsteps through the darkness of the night.....Confusion ran through the castle. Hasty lights were seen passing and repassing at every window; and traversing the island in all directions. The laughing God, the meanwhile, riding at the poop, with one hand held the helm; and with the other waved his torch in triumph round his head. The boat soon made the shore, and landed the lovely queen in a port of security; where Loyalty and Friendship waited to receive her." *

At the west end of this noble sheet of water stands a very elegant house formerly belonging to the family of Bruce, but now in the possession of a Mr. Graham; it commands a delightful view of the lake, and is well screened by extensive pine plantations; it was built by the celebrated Architect, Sir

* Scotch Tour, vol. i. p 96.....It has been a doubt with some whether Mary really possessed the fine features so generally attributed to her by historians; her portraits are numerous, and vary much in the representation of her countenance, some of them by no means impressing us with a favourable idea of her charms: the two following anecdotes however, and they may be depended upon, clearly ascertain her extreme beauty, and afford a striking instance of the fascination which usually waited upon her person.

When Mary, in the full bloom of youth, was walking in a procession through Paris, a woman forced her way through the crowd and touched her. Her excuse for this rudeness was extreme curiosity, which prompted her to feel if so angelic a creature were formed of flesh and blood.

GRAINGER.

Chatelard, grandson to the celebrated Bayard, a man of literature, and an elegant poet, who had long adored the beautiful Mary in secret, permitted his love so far to overpower his prudence as to tempt him to hide himself in the queen's bed-chamber. He was discovered and forgiven. The same insult again repeated, proved fatal. He was delivered up to the law, tried and executed.

Vie De Marie Par Brantome.

William Bruce, in 1685, and is generally esteemed a noble specimen of his skill in that department.

A spot abounding in so much lovely scenery, and rendered still more attractive by the associations of childhood and early youth, would necessarily impress on the susceptible heart of our young poet the most lively and endearing sensations, and when far distant from his humble shed and tender parents, when suffering under sickness and sorrow, it was a consolation of no vulgar kind to recollect the pleasures of his native vale, to paint in glowing colours its delicious landscapes, and ere the fairy colours faded from his view to give them local habitation and a name in strains which should perpetuate his memory and his genius.

His poem on Loch Leven displays a fertile imagination, and is rendered interesting to every reader by the vein of pathetic sentiment which pervades the whole. As an appropriate specimen of the elegant versification and superior merits of this production, I shall quote his description of the two islands of the lake. The first delineates that on which the Priory had anciently stood, and then adverts to the present ruins of the famous castle of the Bruces. It is my wish that these lines may recommend to further notice the poetry of this amiable but unfortunate youth.

Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;
Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight hour,
In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
Chaunted their orisons to the cold moon.
It now resounds with the wild shrieking gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clam'rous mew,
The patient heron, and the bittern dull
Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
That by the water seek th' appointed meal.
From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild;
Such as in Selma, by the burning oak
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night.
Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the lake
That leaves the wat'ry grot, each night to mourn
The waste of time, his desolated isles
And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice
Is heard resounding through the dreary courts
Of high Loch Leven castle, famous once,
Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line;
Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper thro' its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,
And piece-meal crumble down the towers to dust.
Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stands;
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year .....
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower
That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
While from above the owl, musician dire!
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

IMMORTALITY.

[I have lately been delighted with some of the works of Zollikofer a German divine. His pulpit-discourses yield not in eloquence to those of Massillon. He every where discovers a pious and prolific mind. Indeed in rhetorical reasoning I know not who should stand before him. From his discourse on the immortality of man the following extract is taken—which (as his Sermons are not generally known here) shall be occasionally succeeded by others from the same pen.]

"To the man who knows nothing of futurity, who has no hope of immortality, all nature is a sealed book, and he is the greatest of all mysteries to himself. The design of his existence is incomprehensible to him; and of the other purposes for which the other creatures that surround him were formed, and which so far exceed mankind in number, magnitude, and beauty, he knows still less. Every thing he sees and hears is to him an ænigma, to the solution whereof he can find no key. Represent to yourself a philosopher, who knows nothing of the gospel, and from whom futurity is concealed, profoundly contemplating the heaven and the earth and himself, and that you hear him discourse on these important objects in his comfortless solitude: what a doubtful, what a desultory, and dismal language he holds! Methinks I hear him exclaim, in a doleful voice, Why is the heaven so beautifully adorned, and to what end is this magnificence which nature so profusely displays wherever I turn my view? What is the purpose of this great, this immense and ingenious structure? How gloomy, how painful to me is this prospect, so charming in itself, since I, perhaps now for the last time, enjoy it, and at all events shall shortly be deprived of all sentiment forever! Were I shut up in some dark and dismal dungeon, had the day never shone upon my dwelling, my misery had then been tolerable: but here like some malefactor, I sit imprisoned in a gorgeous palace, and can find nothing delightful, nothing agreeable in it, as expecting every moment the summons to death!—And what mean the faculties I feel within me? How am I benefited by the capacities I possess, but which I cannot employ? I behold many beauties, much magnificence, many astonishing effects before me. I am curious to investigate and understand them. But they are all incomprehensible to me: it is too high for me, I cannot attain unto it. My abilities fail me, and the light itself is darkness to me.—It is true, nature is beautiful; she is pleasant and charming; she invites my senses to abundance of pleasure and joy. But why, then, am I so restless and uneasy? Why cannot all those goods and beauties satisfy my mind? Whence proceeds the want I feel amidst this abundance, and the sentiment of which so often disturbs my liveliest pleasure, and always renders it incomplete? Why is my inquisitiveness never to be satisfied? Wherefore can I never cease from wishing! Whence comes the disgust that so quickly succeeds to enjoyment, and deprives all I earnestly longed after, in a moment, of its worth? Has the Creator, then, called me out of nothing for my punishment? Has he given me such capacities, such desires, for the augmentation of my misery? To what purpose such great preparatives for the few and uncertain hours of life?—Thus does the hopeless mortal entangle himself in reflection. He finds himself in the most delightful garden; but it is all a labyrinth to him, to him it loses every charm from his want of a clue to guide him through it.

"Before the christian, on the other hand, who expects immortality and an everlasting life to come, all these difficulties vanish away. He sees that it is a wise and bountiful God, who has placed him on the globe of the earth. He discovers the principal scope of things, and sets his mind at rest. The hope of futurity gives every

thing, beautiful and great, he sees in the world, a heightened colour and a new display. The view of the boundless creation, that utterly perplexed and confounded yonder unhappy being, inspires the christian with admiration, and leads him to adore the Most High in serenity and satisfaction. In a sacred transport he exclaims, with the Psalmist:—"Lord, how glorious are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches!" Here I perceive eternal work: here I find materials for incessant discovery; here I see sources of knowledge and joy, whence rational beings may draw for ever, without any fear of their failing. How gloomy to me would be the contemplation of beautiful nature, how sad the sentiment of my powers, how troublesome my curiosity, how fertile in vexation my infinite desires, if I had to dread, in a few moments, the utter extinction of knowledge and enjoyment! But thou hast ordained me, O God, to life, to a life that shall know no end. At present my capacities are too great to exhibit themselves in all their strength. The body of death surrounds me, and fixes narrow limits to the workings of my mind. But soon shall I be freed from these bonds. My soul will soar aloft, and mount into the realms of light. She will rise at the resurrection of the just, united to a glorious, a spiritual, an incorruptible body. Then, O God, then shall I first behold thy works in all their grandeur, in all their pomp and beauty; then shall I be for ever employed in the investigation of them, and never be weary of admiring thy wisdom and power; then will all my desires be satisfied, and all my wishes accomplished. This is not the place of my final destination. It is but preparatory to a far better and more glorious state. Here it is my business, by generous occupations, to begin to qualify myself for the purer delights that await me in that world, and even what I call troublesome and imperfect in my present condition must, if I but properly apply it, promote my future perfection. Thus does the christian unravel the design of his being and the tendency of his powers; and thus does he dissipate the darkness that surrounds him on earth, by the light of the gospel, which discloses to his view the fairest prospects in eternity.

"Knowledge and virtue are, indeed, in and for themselves, and without regard to futurity, the strongest supports and the richest sources of our happiness. How, without knowledge, should we satisfy the curiosity of our minds? How, without virtue, should we tranquilize our hearts? How should we tame our turbulent passions, how should we controul them when they contend with each other, and bring to a rational equilibrium, if we were destitute of knowledge and virtue? Let us now compare the mortal without hope with the christian that expects eternity, and see which of them has the greatest means and the greatest encouragements to build his happiness on this foundation, and to render his life pleasant by knowledge and virtue. We will here allow them both to speak their natural sentiments, and thence it will plainly appear which of them has the advantage of the other. It is true, knowledge is ornamental to the mind; thus speaks the man whose hopes are confined to this life. I experience, that what thinks within me is capable of mounting above visible objects, and of piercing into the combination of things. I feel a great pleasure when I increase my perceptions, and can discover the traces of the wise author of nature. But how foolish and unprofitable is this my employment! Wisdom cannot be acquired without much toil. Truth never appears to her votaries till after many successful researches; one may fall into a hundred errors sooner than discover one truth. We must dedicate both day and night to the study of the latent operations of nature, ere we can acquire but a slight

knowledge of her secrets. Meantime, the mind grows weary: its powers diminish; the body is weakened by strenuous exertions of it, and I become daily less capable of relishing the pleasures of sense. And what is, at length, the result of all my pains? After a few moments are past I shall be no more, and my laboriously acquired knowledge will likewise be no more. That which thinks in me, and often fondly soars above the clouds, will in a few days be lost to existence. The great discoveries I am striving to make, will vanish into thin air, and my lofty imaginations, and my exalted conceptions, will be enveloped in the shades of everlasting night. Such is the language of the man who has no views beyond the grave. His endeavours after knowledge must necessarily appear ridiculous to himself; and he has little or nothing to encourage him in the prosecution of it.

No less feeble are his motives to virtue, and his purpose to follow her precepts will as easily fail. He withers like a flower that springs up in a parched soil, or on a stony ground. Though great the native beauty of virtue, yet is it not sufficient to render the man who looks upon death as the period of his being constant in the love and the practice of it. Self-interest and the hope of advantage are the principal springs of human actions. Few men, however, are so enlightened as to perceive the combination of virtue with self-love and with real advantage. It costs a man labour and toil before he can arrive at a certain aptitude in goodness. He has many obstacles to surmount, and many difficulties to encounter, if he would fulfil his duties with exactitude, and conduct himself in all circumstances like a true christian. Riches and honours and days of ease, are not always the companions of integrity. How often, on the contrary, is it attended by poverty and scorn! Nay, is it any thing uncommon for the brightest virtue to be attacked with animosity and persecuted with vengeance? And yet it is impossible, without virtue, to acquire tranquility of mind. Vice, on the other hand, is often arrayed in charms: she holds out, to her followers, power and authority, opulence and respect; she promises them abundance of pleasure. And yet vice renders us unhappy, and, so long as we are slaves to it, it is impossible for us to be calm and contented. Therefore, if a man would flee from vice; if he would love virtue; if he would thus live contented and happy: he must have certain impelling motives to do so. But do you imagine that any one, who has no punishment to fear in futurity, and no reward to expect, is in a capacity to vanquish all temptations to evil, and devote himself to the service of insulted virtue with her mean appearance? Certainly not. Her beauty might probably attract him; he might even determine to follow her precepts: but how long would his resolution last? The first violent temptation would put it to flight. Were he frankly to explain himself, it is thus he would speak: What will it profit me if I earnestly strive to be virtuous? What avails this unremitted attention to all my thoughts, my desires, and actions? These violent conflicts with my propensities and passions? How difficult it is to conquer one's self! And what benefit, what fruit, have I at last to expect from the victory? My probity will be taken for affectation, my piety will be imputed to melancholy; and I shall sit solitary in the dust, while others, of laxer principles, are lolling in the seats of honour! What have I to provide for but my body and my temporal affairs? Why should I quarrel with the amusements and delights that so many others enjoy? Shall I embitter my life by the restrictions of temperance, and for the sake of an imaginary intellectual pleasure, deny myself the more sure and substantial pleasures of sense? I have nothing to fear or to hope after death! So speaks the hopeless mortal: thus will his purposes to follow virtue be enfeebled.

Thus he allows himself to be seduced by the wages of sin; and discontent and vexation, perplexity and fear, and every disastrous consequence of vice, at once take possession of his heart. From want of hope, he neglects the principal and purest sources of earthly happiness, and will always be becoming more unhappy than he was.

Quite otherwise is it with the christian, who expects immortality. He daily endeavours to augment his knowledge and to improve in virtue, and thus daily promotes his true felicity. He can never be wanting in encouragement to firmness and zeal in his generous endeavours; and the futurity which is ever in his view, renders all he undertakes, in this design, not only easy but pleasant. How pleasant, he says in the simplicity of his heart, how pleasant to me are the meditations I indulge on the perfections of my God and father, the greatest and best of beings! What a pure delight streams through my soul, when I consider his ways and admire his works! How it exalts my spirit when I perceive the wisdom of the Creator in his creatures, and trace out the marks of his greatness! How reviving my meditations on my divine Redeemer, and his consolatory office! My knowledge indeed, in all respects, is very imperfect and weak; but this shall not dishearten me from constantly labouring, with renovated ardour, at its extension and improvement. In the matters of most importance I have the gospel for my guide, and am safe from all deception. By that I perceive an eternity approaching. The real knowledge I shall here collect, is out of the power of that spoiler death. Hereafter, in the world of spirits, I shall pursue my researches; what is false will evaporate from my attainments, and what is solid and just will form the basis of my higher perfection. Thus does the hope of futurity animate the christian; and the pleasure he procures from the contemplation of religion and nature will be ever increasing, as he has no need to fear it will ever be lost.

ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE annual net proceeds of the duties on merchandise and tonnage had, in former reports, been estimated at nine millions five hundred thousand dollars. That revenue, estimated on the importations of the years immediately preceding the late war, and on the ratio of increase of the population of the U. S. have been under-rated. The net revenue from that source, which accrued during the year 1802, exceeds ten millions one hundred thousand dollars. The revenue which has accrued during the two first quarters of the present year, appears to have been only fifty thousand dollars less than that of the two corresponding quarters of the year 1802; and the receipts in the Treasury, on account of the same duties, during the year ending on the 30th of Sept. last, have exceeded ten millions six hundred thousand dollars.

These facts prove that the wealth of the U. S. increases in a greater ratio than their population, and that this branch of the public revenue may now be rated at ten millions of dollars.

The same revenue for the two last years of the late war, at the present rate of duties, averaged 11,600,000 dollars a year; but though it might be supposed that the renewal of hostilities will produce a similar increase, no inference from that period is now drawn in relation to the revenue of the ensuing years.

Although the sales of public lands during the year ending on the 30th Sept. last, were lessened by the situation of the western country; two hundred thousand acres have been sold during that period; and

independent of future sales, the sums already paid to the receivers, with those which, exclusive of interest, fall due during the three ensuing years, amount to 1,250,000 dollars, the annual revenue arising from those sales, may be estimated at four hundred thousand dollars.

The extension of post roads, and the acceleration of the mail, while diffusing and increasing the benefits of the institution, have rendered it less productive. The receipts have amounted, during last year, to 27,000 dollars; but as neither these, nor those arising from some other incidental branches, effect any general result, the whole revenue of the U. S. will be only ten millions four hundred thousand dollars.

1. The appropriation of 7,300,000 dollars, for the payment of the principal and interest of the debt; of which about three millions and an half are at present applicable to to the discharge of the principal, and the residue in the payment of interest, Dolls. 7,300,000

2. The expenses of government, according to the estimates for the year 1804, viz.

For the civil department and all domestic expenses of a civil nature,	791,000
For expenses attending the intercourse with foreign nations, including Algiers, and all expenses relative to the Barbary powers,	134,000
For the military and Indian departments,	875,000
For the navy, supposing two frigates and four smaller vessels be in commission,	650,000
	9,800,000
And deducted from the pemanent revenue of	10,400,000
Leave	600,000

The extraordinary resources and demands not permanent, to wit:

	Dollars.
The specie in the Treasury, on the 30th of Sept. last,	5,860,000
The arrears of the direct tax,	250,000
The outstanding internal duties, near	400,000
The sum to be repaid to the U. S. on account of advances made in England for the prosecution of claims,	150,300
Total,	6,660,000

This sum, after reserving the sum which it is necessary to keep in the Treasury, will discharge the demands on account of the convention with Great Britain, viz.

	Dolls. 2,664,000
Extraordinary expenses in relation to the conventions with France and Great Britain,	100,000
The loan from Maryland, for the city of Washington,	200,000
And also to pay	2,000,000
	4,964,000

of dollars on account of the purchase of Louisiana; being the sum reserved by the law of the last session, for extraordinary expenses attending the intercourse with foreign nations.

During the year ending on the 30th Sept. last, the payments on account of the public debt, were

	Dolls. 3,096,700
which, with the increase of specie in the Treasury during the same period,	1,320,000
	4,416,700

makes a difference in favour of the U. S. of more than four hundred thousand dollars during that year.

The payments on account of the principal of the public debt, from the first day of Sept. 1803, were Dolls. 9,924,004

The specie in the Treasury, on the first of April, 1801,	1,794,000	
And on the 30th of Sept. 1898,	5,860,000	
Making an increase of		4,066,000
Those amount to		13,990,004
From which deducting, as arising from the sales of bank shares,		1,287,600
Leaves,		12,702,404

in favour of the U. S. for that period of two years and an half.

From that view of the present situation of the U. S. the only question is, whether any additional revenues are wanted to provide for the new debt, which will result from the purchase of Louisiana.

The U. S. may have to pay, by virtue of that treaty, fifteen millions of dollars. First, 11,250,000 dolls. in a stock bearing an interest of six per cent. payable in Europe, and the principal of which will be discharged at the Treasury of the U. S. in four instalments, to commence in the year 1818....2dly, A sum which cannot exceed 3,750,000 dollars, payable at the Treasury of the U. S. during the ensuing year, to citizens having certain claims on France.

As two millions of dollars may be paid from the specie now in the Treasury, on account of the last item; and the new debt cannot exceed thirteen millions of dollars, the interest of which is 780,000; but on account of commissions, and variations of exchange, will be eight hundred thousand dollars.

The surplus revenue of the U. S. will discharge six hundred thousand dollars of that sum, and it is expected that the net revenue collected at New-Orleans will be equal to the remaining two hundred thousand dollars.

That opinion rests on the supposition that Congress shall place that port on the same footing as the U. S. so that the same duties shall be collected there, on the importation of foreign merchandise as are now levied in the U. S. and that no duties shall be collected on the exportation of produce or merchandise as are now levied in the U. S. that no duties shall be collected on the exportation of produce or merchandise from N. O. to any other place; nor on any articles imported into the U. S. from the ceded territories or into those territories from the U. S.

The statement (G) shews that the exportation from the Atlantic States to those Colonies, of articles not of the growth or manufacture of the U. S. amounted for the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, to 6,622,189 dollars; making an average of more than two millions two hundred thousand dollars, of foreign articles, liable to pay duty, annually exported to Florida and Louisiana from the U. S. alone.

The exportations from the U. S. to Florida are so trifling that that statement may be considered as applying solely to N. O.; it is also known, that almost the whole of those exportations were consumed within that colony, and that during the war the supplies from the U. S. constituted by far the greater part of its imports.

Thence it results that the annual importations into the ceded territory, of articles destined for the consumption of its own inhabitants, and which will, under the laws of the U. S. pay duty, may be estimated at two millions five hundred thousand dollars: which, at the present rate of duties, will yield a revenue of about 350,000 dollars. From that revenue must be deducted 150,000 dollars, for the following: viz.

1st. The duties on a quantity of sugar and indigo equal to that which shall be imported from N. O. into the U. S.; as those articles being imported free from duty, will diminish by so much revenue now col-

lected in the seaports of the U. S. The whole amount of sugar exported from N. O. is less than 4,000,000 of pounds, and that of indigo is about 30,000 pounds. Supposing that the whole of those articles should hereafter be exported to the U. S. the loss to the revenue will be about 100,000 dollars.

2d. No increase of expense in the military establishment of the U. S. is expected on account of the acquisition of territory; but the expenses of the province and of the intercourse with the Indians; are estimated at 50,000 dollars, leaving for the net revenue derived from the province, and applicable to the payment of the interest of the new debt, 200,000 dolls.

The only provisions necessary, are,

1. In relation to the stock of 11,250,000 dollars to be created in favour of France;

That that debt be made a charge on the sinking fund, directing the commissioners to apply so much of its proceeds as may be necessary for the payment of interest and principal, in the same manner as they are directed to do in relation to the debt now charged on that fund.

That so much of the duties on merchandise and tonnage as will be equal to seven hundred thousand dollars, being the sum wanted to pay the interest of that new stock, be added to the annual permanent appropriation for the sinking fund; making, with the existing appropriation, eight millions of dollars, annually applicable to the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt;

And that the said annual sum of eight millions of dollars remain in trust for the said payments, till the the whole of the existing debt of the U. S. and of the new stock, shall have been redeemed.

As a sum equal to the interest of the new stock will thus be added to the sinking fund, the operation of that fund, as it relates to the extinguishment of debt, will remain on the same footing as has been heretofore provided by Congress. The new debt will neither impede nor retard the payment of the principal of the old debt,; and the fund will be sufficient, beside paying the interest on both, to discharge the principal of the old debt, before the year 1818, and that of the new, within one year and an half after that year.

11. In relation to the American claims the payment of which is assumed by the convention with France:

That a sum not exceeding 3,750,000 dollars, inclusive of the two millions appropriated by the last session of Congress, be appropriated for the payment of those claims, to be paid out of any monies in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

That for effecting the whole of that payment, the President of the U. S. be authorised to borrow a sum not exceeding 1,750,000 dollars, at an interest not exceeding six per cent. a year.

And that so much of the proceeds of the duties on merchandise and tonnage as may be necessary, be appropriated for the payment of interest and principal of the loan to be thus effected.

It is not proposed to charge that loan on the sinking fund, because its amount cannot at present be ascertained; and because it may perhaps be found more expedient to pay out of the sinking fund, the whole or part of the two last instalments, payable by virtue of conventions with Great-Britain.

The possibility of thus providing for the payment of the interest of a new debt of thirteen millions of dollars, without recurring to new taxes or interfering with the provisions heretofore made for the payment of the existing debt, depends on the correctness of the estimate of the public revenue which has been submitted. It rests principally on the expectation that the revenue of the ensuing years shall not be less than that of the year

1802. No part of it depends on the probable increase which may result from the neutrality of the U. S. during the present war, nor even on the progressive augmentation, which, from past experience, may naturally be expected to arise from the gradual increase of population and wealth. Nor has that effect been taken into consideration which the uninterupted navigation of the Missisippi, and the acquisition of New-Orleans may have, either on the sales of the public lands, or on the resources of the inhabitants of the western states.

LETTER FROM WM. COWPER TO LADY HESKETH.

October 12, 1785.

My dear Cousin,

It is no new thing with you to give pleasure, but I will venture to say that you do not often give more than you gave me this morning. When I came down to breakfast, and found upon the table a letter franked by my uncle, and when opening that frank I found that it contained a letter from you, I said within myself, this is just as it should be; we are all grown young again, and the days that I thought I should see no more, are actually returned. You perceive therefore that you judged well when you conjectured that a line from you would not be disagreeable to me. It could not be otherwise, than as in fact it proved, a most agreeable surprise, for I can truly boast of an affection for you that neither years, nor interrupted intercourse have at all abated. I need only recollect how much I valued you once, and with how much cause, immediately to feel a revival of the same value; if that can be said to revive, which at the most has only been dormant for want of employment. But I slander it when I say that it has slept. A thousand times have I recollected a thousand scenes in which our two selves have formed the whole of the drama, with the greatest pleasure; at times too when I had no reason to suppose that I should ever hear from you again. I have laughed with you at the Arabian Nights Entertainment, which afforded us as you well know, a fund of merriment that deserves never to be forgot. I have walked with you to Nettley Abbey, and have scrambled with you over hedges in every direction, and many other feats we have performed together, upon the field of my remembrance, and all within these few years, should I say within this twelve month I should not transgress the truth. The hours that I have spent with you were among the pleasantest of my former days, and are therefore chronicled in my mind so deeply as to fear no erasure. Neither do I forget my poor friend Sir Thomas. I should remember him indeed at any rate on account of his personal kindnesses to myself, but the last testimony that he gave of his regard for you, endears him to me still more. With his uncommon understanding (for with many peculiarities he had more sense than any of his acquaintance) and with his generous sensibilities, it was hardly possible that he should not distinguish you as he has done; as it was the last, so it was the best proof, that he could give of a judgment, that never deceived him, when he would allow himself leisure to consult it.

You say that you have often heard of me: that puzzles me. I cannot imagine from what quarter, but it is no matter. I must tell you, however, my cousin, that your information has been a little defective.... That I am happy in my situation is true; I live and have lived these twenty years with Mrs. Unwin, to whose affectionate care of me during the far greater part of that time, it is, under Providence, owing that I live at all. But I do not account myself happy in having been for thirteen of those years in a state of mind that has made all that care

and attention necessary. An attention, and a care, that have injured her health, and which, had she not been uncommonly supported, must have brought her to the grave. But I will pass to another subject; it would be cruel to particularize only to give pain, neither would I by any means give a sable hue to the first letter of a correspondence so unexpectedly renewed.

I am delighted with what you tell me of my uncle's good health; to enjoy any measure of cheerfulness at so late a day is much, but to have that late day enlivened with the vivacity of youth, is much more, and in these postdiluvian times a rarity indeed. Happy for the most part, are the parents who have daughters. Daughters are not apt to outlive their natural affections, which a son has generally survived even before his boyish years are expired. I rejoice particularly in my uncle's felicity, who has three female descendants from his little person, who leave him nothing to wish for upon that head.

My dear cousin, dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write therefore generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I transcribe. I read also, but less than I write, for I must have bodily exercise, and therefore never pass a day without it.

You ask me where I have been this summer. I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer, at Olney. Ay, and the winter also, I have seldom left it, and except when I attended my brother in his last illness, never I believe a fortnight together.

Adieu, my beloved cousin; I shall not always be thus nimble in reply, but shall always have great pleasure in answering you when I can.

Yours, my friend and cousin,

W. COWPER.

ACCOUNT OF BOETHIUS.

THE senator Boethius is the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countryman. As a wealthy orphan, he inherited the patrimony and honours of the Anician family, a name ambitiously assumed by the kings and emperors of the age; and the appellation of Manlius asserted his genuine or fabulous descent from a race of consuls and dictators, who had repulsed the Gauls from the Capitol, and sacrificed their sons to the discipline of the republic. In the youth of Boethius, the studies of Rome were not totally abandoned; a Virgil is now extant, corrected by the hand of a consul; and the professors of grammar, rhetoric, and jurisprudence, were maintained in their privileges and pensions, by the liberality of the Goths. But the erudition of the Latin language was insufficient to satiate his ardent curiosity; and Boethius is said to have employed eighten laborious years in the schools of Athens, which were supported by the zeal, the learning, and the diligence of Proclus and his disciples. The reason and piety of their Roman pupil were fortunately saved from the contagion of mystery and magic, which polluted the groves of the academy; but he imbibed the spirit, and imitated the method of his dead and living masters, who attempted to reconcile the strong and subtle sense of Aristotle with the devout contemplation and sublime fancy of Plato. After his return to Rome, and his marriage with the daughter of his friend, the patrician Symmachus, Boethius still continued, in

a palace of ivory and marble, to prosecute the same studies. The church was edified by his profound defence of the orthodox creed against the Arian, the Eutychian, and the Nestorian heresies; and the Catholic unity was explained or exposed in a formal treatise by the *indifference* of three distinct though consubstantial persons. For the benefit of his Latin readers, his genius submitted to teach the first elements of the arts and sciences of Greece. The geometry of Euclid, the music of Pythagoras, the arithmetic of Nichomachus, the mechanics of Archimedes, the astronomy of Ptolemy, the theology of Plato, and the logic of Aristotle, with the commentary of Porphyry, were translated and illustrated by the indefatigable pen of the Roman senator. And he alone was esteemed capable of describing the wonders of art, a sun-dial, a water-clock, or a sphere which represented the motions of the planets. From these abstruse speculations, Boethius stooped, or to speak more truly, he rose to the social duties of public and private life: the indigent were relieved by his liberality; and his eloquence, which flattery might compare to the voice of Demosthenes or Cicero, was uniformly exerted in the cause of innocence and humanity. Such conspicuous merit was felt and rewarded by a discerning prince; the dignity of Boethius was adorned with the titles of consul and patrician, and his talents were usefully employed in the important station of master of the offices. Notwithstanding the equal claims of the East and West, his two sons were created, in their tender youth, the consuls of the same year. On the memorable day of their inauguration, they proceeded in solemn pomp from their palace to the forum, amidst the applause of the senate and the people; and their joyful father, the true consul of Rome, after pronouncing an oration in the praise of his royal benefactor, distributed a triumphal largess in the games of the circus. Prosperous in his fame and fortunes, in his public honours and private alliances, in the cultivation of science and the consciousness of virtue, Boethius might have been styled happy, if that precarious epithet could be safely applied before the last term of the life of man.

A philosopher, liberal of his wealth and parsimonious of his time, might be insensible to the common allurements of ambition, the thirst of gold and employment. And some credit may be due to the asseveration of Boethius, that he had reluctantly obeyed the divine Plato, who enjoins every virtuous citizen to rescue the state from the usurpation of vice and ignorance. For the integrity of his public conduct he appeals to the memory of his country. His authority had restrained the pride and oppression of the royal officers, and his eloquence had delivered Paulianus from the dogs of the palace. He had always pitied, and often relieved, the distress of the provincials, whose fortunes were exhausted by public and private rapine; and Boethius alone had courage to oppose the tyranny of the Barbarians, elated by conquest, excited by avarice, and, as he complains, encouraged by impunity. In these honourable contests, his spirit soared above the consideration of danger, and perhaps of prudence; and we may learn from the example of Cato, that a character of pure and inflexible virtue is the most apt to be misled by prejudice, to be heated by enthusiasm, and to confound private enmities with public justice. The disciple of Plato might exaggerate the infirmities of nature, and the imperfections of society; and to the mildest form of a Gothic kingdom, even the weight of allegiance and gratitude, must be insupportable to the free spirit of a Roman patriot. But the favour and fidelity of Boethius declined in just proportion with the public happiness; and an unworthy colleague was imposed, to divide and controul the power of the master of the offices. In the

last gloomy season of Theodoric, he indignantly felt that he was a slave; but as his master had only power over his life, he stood without arms and without fear against the face of an angry Barbarian, who had been provoked to believe that the safety of the senate was incompatible with his own. The senator Albinus was accused and already convicted on the presumption of *hoping*, as it was said, the liberty of Rome. "If Albinus be criminal," exclaimed the orator, "the senate and myself are all guilty of the same crime. If we are innocent, Albinus is equally entitled to the protection of the laws." These laws might not have punished the simple and barren wish of an unattainable blessing; but they would have shewn less indulgence to the rash confession of Boethius, that, had he known of a conspiracy, the tyrant never should. The Advocate of Albinus was soon involved in the danger and perhaps the guilt of his client; their signature (which they denied as a forgery) was affixed to the original address, inviting the emperor to deliver Italy from the Goths; and three witnesses of honourable rank, perhaps of infamous reputation, attested the treasonable designs of the Roman patrician. Yet his innocence must be presumed, since he was deprived by Theodoric of the means of justification, and rigorously confined in the tower of Pavia, while the senate, at the distance of five hundred miles, pronounced a sentence of confiscation and death against the most illustrious of its members. At the command of the Barbarians, the occult science of a philosopher was stigmatised with the names of sacrilege and magic. A devout and dutiful attachment to the senate was condemned as criminal by the trembling voices of the senators themselves; and their ingratitude deserved the wish or prediction of Boethius, that, after him, none should be found guilty of the same offence.

While Boethius, oppressed with fetters, expected each moment the sentence or the stroke of death, he composed in the tower of Pavia the *Consolation of Philosophy*; a golden volume not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarisim of the times and the situation of the author. The celestial guide whom he had so long invoked at Rome and Athens, now condescended to illumine his dungeon, to revive his courage, and to pour into his wounds her salutary balm. She taught him to compare his long prosperity and his recent distress, and to conceive new hopes from the inconstancy of fortune. Reason had informed him of the precarious condition of her gifts; experience had satisfied him of their real value; he had enjoyed them without guilt; he might resign them without a sigh, and calmly disdain the impotent malice of his enemies, who had left him happiness, since they had left him virtue. From the earth, Boethius ascended to heaven in search of the SUPREME GOOD; explored the metaphysical labyrinth of chance and destiny, of prescience and free-will, of time and eternity; and generously attempted to reconcile the perfect attributes of the Deity, with the apparent disorders of his moral and physical government. Such topics of consolation, so obvious, so vague, or so abstruse, are ineffectual to subdue the feelings of human nature. Yet the sense of misfortune may be diverted by the labour of thought; and the sage who could artfully combine in the same work, the various riches of philosophy, poetry, and eloquence, must already have possessed the intrepid calmness, which he affected to seek. Suspense, the worst of evils, was at length determined by the ministers of death, who executed, and perhaps exceeded, the inhuman mandate of Theodoric. A strong cord was fastened round the head of Boethius, and forcibly tightened, till his eyes almost started from their sockets; and some mercy may be discovered in the

milder torture of beating him with clubs till he expired. But his genius survived to diffuse a ray of knowledge over the darkest ages of the Latin world; the writings of the philosopher were translated by the most glorious of the English Kings, and the third emperor of the name of Otho removed to a more honourable tomb the bones of a Catholic saint, who, from his Arian persecutors, had acquired the honours of martyrdom, and the fame of miracles. In the last hours of Boethius, he derived some comfort from the safety of his two sons, of his wife, and of his father-in-law, the venerable Symmachus. But the grief of Symmachus was indiscreet, and perhaps disrespectful: he had presumed to lament, he might dare to revenge, the death of an injured friend. He was dragged in chains from Rome to the palace of Ravenna; and the suspicions of Theodoric could only be appeased by the blood of an innocent and aged senator.

STORY OF CECILIA.

THE passion of love is supposed to exert its sway most despotically over the softer sex, the gentler half of our species; but though I cannot but confess that women, taken in the aggregate, are more delicate animals than men, and less capable of resolute exertion and firmness, yet there are instances among them of a firm endurance of evil, an energy of mind fully equal to the boasted strength of the stern Lords of the Creation. A woman indeed who has a soul at all, (for it is well known to be the Turkish creed that that beautiful machine is not endued with so useless a spring, and there are some instances among our own countrywomen that would almost induce one to believe that a few fair Turks had straggled into Great Britain)... a woman, I say, who has a soul, is much more animated, more alive than man. Her impulses, if less permanent, are more lively; and though their vigour may quickly relax, yet the first spring is so powerful, that it will carry them further than a more continued impetus will lead a man....But I am going to set before my readers the character of a female, not more distinguished for her feeling than her resolution; and whose case, as it may be common to all, may contain a general warning and a general example.

Cecilia was, from her infancy, the child of misfortune. She lost her mother in the first month of her life, and experienced through her childhood every disadvantage which can attend a motherless female. It is needless to detail the circumstances which threw Cecilia, without fortune and without friends, into a dependent situation in an elegant family. There, however, we find her, from a very early age, bereft of all the splendid hopes her father's prospects once held out to her, and trusting alone to "Innocence and Heaven."

Cecilia was no beauty;....instead of the Grecian elegance of form, and the unrivalled delicacy of features she might have inherited from her lovely mother, she could boast only an active, though not a slender person, a complexion that glowed with the pure tints of health, a countenance that bespoke good humour, and an eye that beamed intelligence. Her skin had been despoiled of its polish by that foe to loveliness, the small-pox;....and the narrowness of her fortune deprived her of the adventitious advantages of dress. The lowliness of her situation, which she felt most acutely, (perhaps too much so, since circumstances, not incurred by guilt, ought to bring no imputation with them) repressed all the freedom of her manner, and all the graces of her youth. With these exterior disadvantages, Cecilia was living with a woman of fashion, fortune, and beauty, who, satisfied with the charitable deed of affording a home to a fellow-creature, thought she

treated her with sufficient kindness when she did not beat her.

Cecilia, however, possessed a mind far superior to her situation: it had been elegantly and even studiously cultivated. She was no mean proficient in the modern accomplishments, and was more than commonly skilled in the Belles Lettres. She had loved moral philosophy, as the most improving and the most interesting study; and she now sought in its doctrines a relief from the discomforts she experienced. She could not believe but that unwearied assiduity, diligence, and good-humour would procure her the good-will, and even the affection of her patroness; but the course of a few years shewed her that she deceived herself, and that a fine lady is a non-descript in ethics.

Had Cecilia been one of those humble toad-eaters, who can bear to dangle after their ladies into public, clad in their forsaken ornaments, at once the envy and the scorn of the whole tribe of waiting gentlewomen,....had she been an adept at flattery, and echoed with applause the unmeaning witticisms she was condemned to hear, she would probably have been a favourite: but such was not her character. Conscious of some internal merit, Cecilia sought to be chosen, not suffered; and finding, unhappily, that she could not obtain what she sought, she gradually withdrew more and more from observation, and though obliged to frequent all company, she never met with even the common attentions due to her age and sex.

Thus retired in herself, and thrust back by circumstances, it was not possible for her to obtain any attention in the gay and dissipated circle in which she was condemned to move, nor to have the least chance of being lifted to a better situation. The best years of her life were wasted in hopeless despondency, and she could look forward to nothing but passing the evening of her days in the same joyless gloom, when some events occurred, which seemed to promise a possibility of happiness.

Alcanor, an intimate friend of the family, had for some time distinguished Cecilia with more than a polite.....with a kind attention.... Alcanor was a man of sense, a complete gentleman, and bore an unblemished character for probity and honour. Cecilia, who, with a bosom formed to feel the warmest raptures of love, with a judgment keen to perceive, and a heart alive to distinguish excellence, had hitherto preserved herself from any particular attachment only by perpetual reflections on the hopelessness of her situation, felt a fearless gratitude for the friendship of Alcanor. It exalted her in her own eyes above the insignificance into which she was conscious she had sunk in the estimation of those around her; yet considering Alcanor as a being many degrees above her, she indulged her gratitude without the smallest idea that it would ever ripen into a warmer sentiment. Nor could it ever have disturbed her peace, though it might have added to her happiness, but for some occurrences, not necessary to be detailed, which threw her often into confidential talk with Alcanor.

Though wholly a novice in the affairs of love, Cecilia had not reached the age of twenty-eight without having observed the effects of the passions; and the inquietude she now began to be conscious of, alarmed her for the nature of her sentiment towards Alcanor. His increasing kindness increased her inquietude and her alarms. She strictly examined her heart, and learned to distrust, not him, but herself. She had hitherto put no restraint on the natural warmth of her manner when conversing with him: she now assumed a more guarded style. Alcanor saw the difference of her conduct, and strove by the most delicate attentions, to bring her back to her former unreserve. Cecilia could no longer be blind to the meaning of Alcanor....

What had she to fear from a man whose bosom was the seat of honour? What a happiness, what a triumph for her to be selected by so superior a being! She looked timidly at Alcanor. His respectful deference, his affectionate attentions, his graceful gaiety reassured her; by degrees her timidity, her reserve wore off, and without a word on either side, they were on the footing of avowed lovers. To have doubted his honour would have been sacrilege. She became a new being. She looked forward with some apprehension indeed to the situation to which her marriage would raise her; but she endeavoured to render herself worthy of it. She hourly improved in grace, gaiety, and appearance, and Alcanor became hourly more and more attached: yet so delicate were the marks of his attachment, as to be by all unnoticed, save by the conscious Cecilia!

She was now anxiously expecting the moment when his avowal should dissipate all apprehensions, when one day, after a temporary absence, as she advanced to meet him with her accustomed gladness, she was struck with the strangeness of his manner!.....Polite he was indeed; but what was mere politeness from Alcanor to Cecilia? She gazed in his face; she saw in it no answering warmth; she retired to weep, and in solitude, chid herself for her fancifulness. She returned to prove Alcanor faultless, and herself mistaken. She found him to all others cheerful, animated, gay, as usual... to her invincibly cold. Day after day passed on, and no returning kindness beamed in his eye. Hope was extinct, and thus ended forever an attachment singular in its progress, and barbarous in its termination...No opportunity now offered of speaking alone to Alcanor, and if it had, of what service would it have been to the unfortunate Cecilia? Of what was she to complain? Nothing, however, was ever further from her wishes than to complain, except to reproach Alcanor! To conceal her griefs, to conquer her feelings, to command her countenance, these were the tasks she imposed upon herself....these were the efforts that exhausted her strength, that imbittered her solitary hours, that bathed her pillow with tears!

These salutary efforts, however, succeeded, and Cecilia is a noble example that philosophy and exertion can surmount the greatest trials, and afford comfort under the heaviest misfortunes. She has devoted her time, with exemplary fortitude, to those pursuits which formerly interested her; and she finds from her laudable exertions the truest and most permanent comfort. One only reflection remains to imbitter her hours of retirement, and that is, her earnest and not unjustifiable curiosity to learn the reason of Alcanor's sudden change: but this explanation she must assuredly rest without obtaining, since she can never ask, and he seems not at all disposed to volunteer it.

That no future clouds may arise to disturb a serenity so laudably regained, must be the wish of every one who reads this recital; but what words can do justice to the unsuspected perfidy of Alcanor, who first obtained the full confidence of his destined victim, and then amused himself with watching the progress of a passion he coolly resolved to reduce to despair? Cecilia, indeed, with a delicacy of which only the most feeling mind could be capable, sometimes reproaches herself with having too readily yielded to the semblance of affection; but her own heart, and that of the treacherous Alcanor, must fully exculpate her from this blame. The following lines, however, which I obtained by an accident not to be related, prove her jealousy of her own conduct, and the acuteness of her feelings.

I caught a bright fantastic cloud,
And in the glittering moonlight
dress'd it,
Then, of the beauteous pageant
proud,
Too fondly to my bosom press'd it.

I fancied, by the dubious light,
I saw my phantom sweetly smiling;
My bosom throbb'd with wild delight,
All reason's soberer fears beguiling.

What dreams of joy my soul revolv'd,
What pleasant visions hover'd o'er
me!
'Till by th' incautious warmth dis-
solv'd,
My treasure faded from before me!

Condemn'd henceforward still to
grieve,
My senses rove in wild confusion,
Nor can I scarcely yet believe
My bliss was all a vain illusion.

From treacherous hope will I no more
Deceitful forms of pleasure borrow,
But silently my loss deplore,
And sink a prey to secret sorrow.

Such is she tale I wish to impress on the minds of my fair countrywomen; since to all the lot of Cecilia is possible, it would be wise in all to arm their minds with similar fortitude. The above lines, written at a very early period of her distress, but very ill convey her present philosophic calmness.

ESSAY ON THE ARTS, COMMONLY CALLED IMITATIVE.

It is the fate of those maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by most of their followers, and be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason, than because they once dropped from the pen of a superior genius: one of these is the assertion of Aristotle, that 'all poetry consists in imitation,' which has been so frequently echoed from author to author; that it would seem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almost all the philosophers and critics, who have written upon the subject of poetry, music, and painting, how little soever they may agree in some points, seem of one mind in considering them as arts merely imitative: yet it must be clear to any one, who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is affected by the finest poems, pieces of music, and pictures, upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from imitation. M. le Batteux has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of imitating: but, whatever be said of painting, it is probable, that poetry and music had a nobler origin; and, if the first language of man was not both poetical and musical, it is certain, at least, that in countries, where no kind of imitation seems to be much admired, there are poets and musicians both by nature and by art: as in some Mahometan nations; where sculpture and painting are forbidden by the laws, where dramatic poetry of every sort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleasing arts, of expressing the passions in verse, and of enforcing that expression by melody, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. It shall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though poetry and music have, certainly, a power of imitating the manners of men, and several objects in nature, yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by imitation, but by a very different principle; which must be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what we mean by poetry and music; but we cannot give a precise definition of them, till we have made a few previous remarks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It seems probable then that poetry was originally no more than a strong, and animated expression of the human passions, of joy and grief, love and hate, admiration and anger,

sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the voice and accents of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to cadence and measure; which is remarkably the case in the language of a vehement Orator, whose talent is chiefly conversant about praise or censure; and we may collect from several passages in Tully, that the fine speakers of old Greece and Rome had a sort of rhythm in their sentences, less regular, but not less melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in praising the Deity; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendor of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible, that he should refrain from bursting into an extacy of joy, and pouring his praises to the creator of those wonders, and the author of his happiness. This kind of poetry is used in all nations; but as it is the sublimest of all, when it is applied to its true object, so it has often been perverted to impious purposes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the dramatic poetry of the Europeans took its rise from the same spring, and was no more at first than a song in praise of Bacchus; so that the only species of poetical composition (if we except the epic) which can in any sense be called imitative, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which imitation could not be at all concerned.

The next source of poetry was, probably, love, or the mutual inclination, which naturally subsists between the sexes, and is founded upon personal beauty: hence arose the most agreeable odes, and love-songs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyric poets, not filled, like our sonnets and madrigals, with the insipid babble of darts, and Cupids, but simple, tender, natural; and consisting of such unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

* Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,

as we may suppose to have passed between the first lovers in a state of innocence, before the refinements of society, and the restraints, which they introduced, had made the passion of love so fierce, and impetuous, as it is said to have been in Dido, and certainly was in Sappho, if we may take her own word for it †.

The grief, which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends, and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short dirges, and was afterwards lengthened into elegies.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their detestation of it in the strongest manner, and to show their resentment against the corrupters of mankind: hence moral poetry was derived, which, at first, we find, was severe and passionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reasonably conjecture that epic poetry had the same origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice. Where there is vice, which is detestable in itself, there must be hate, since 'the strongest antipathy in nature,' as Mr. Pope asserted in

* Two lines of *Tasso*.

† See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and translated by *Boileau*.

his writings, and proved by his whole life, 'subsists between the good and the bad:' now this passion was the source of that poetry, which we call Satire, very improperly, and corruptly, since the Satire of the Romans was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled Satura or Satyra *, intimating, that the poem, like a dish of fruit and corn offered to Ceres, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true invectives of the ancients were called Iambi, of which we have several examples in Catullus, and in the Epodes of Horace, who imitated the very measures and manner of Archilochus.

These are the principal sources of poetry; and of music also, as it shall be my endeavour to show: but it is first necessary to say a few words on the nature of sound; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately discussed. Without entering into a discourse on the vibrations of chords, or the undulations of the air, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe that there is a great difference between a common sound, and a musical sound, which consists chiefly in this, that the former is simple and entire in itself like a point, while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be one; like a circle, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal distances, round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquots of a sonorous body vibrating at once, are called Harmonics, and the whole system of modern harmony depends upon them; though it were easy to prove that the system is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we strike the perfect accord on a harpsichord or an organ, the harmonics of the third and fifth have also their own harmonics, which are dissonant from the principal note: These horrid dissonances are, indeed, almost overpowered by the natural harmonics of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the additions of art? It is like thinking

.....to paint the lily,
And add a perfume to the violet.

Now let us conceive that some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced in a common voice, in just cadence, and with proper accents, such an expression of the passion will be genuine poetry; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be so in the strictest sense: but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a musical voice (that is, in sounds accompanied with their harmonics), if it were sung in due time and measure, in a single and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be pure and original music; not merely soothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart; not an imitation of nature, but the voice of nature herself. But there is another point in which music must resemble poetry, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect: we all must have observed, that a speaker, agitated with passion, or an actor, who is, indeed, strictly an imitator, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expressed in music. Every body knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order, and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear: now each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when it is heard separately, than a single letter of

* Some Latin words were spelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.

the alphabet would have; and it is only by their succession, and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale; or differ from each other, except as they are graver, or more acute: but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a series of sounds relating to one leading note is called a mode, or a tone, and, as there are twelve semitones in the scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character arising from the position of the modal note, and from some minute difference in the ratios, as of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are some intervals, which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprising effect in modulation, or in the transitions from one mode to another.

The modes of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind; and Plato, who permits the Dorian in his imaginary republic, on account of its calmness and gravity, excludes the Lydian, because of its languid, tender and effeminate character: not that any series of mere sounds has a power of raising or soothing the passions, but each of these modes was appropriated to a particular kind of poetry, and a particular kind of instrument; and the chief of them, as the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, Ionian, Eolian, Locrian, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names: thus the Phrygian mode, which was ardent and impetuous, was usually accompanied with trumpets, and the Mixolydian, which if we believe Aristoxenus, was invented by Sappho, was probably confined to the pathetic and tragic style: that these modes had a relation to poetry, as well as to music, appears from a fragment of Lasus, in which he says, 'I sing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibœa, the consort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity;' and Pindar calls one of his Odes an 'Eolian song.' If the Greeks surpassed us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our minor scale, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from the natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth; this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the modal note, softens the general expression of the mode, and adapts it admirably to subjects of grief and affliction: the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetic and mournful to the highest degree, for which reason it was chosen by the excellent Pergolesi in his Stabat Mater. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the sentiment changes, may, it is evident, express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Consistently with the foregoing principles, we may define original and native poetry to be the language of the violent passions, expressed in exact measure, with strong accents and significant words; and true music to be no more than poetry, delivered in a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear. It is in this view only that we must consider the music of the ancient Greeks, or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the gravest historians, and philosophers; it was wholly passionate or descriptive, and so closely united to poetry, that it never obstructed, but always increased its influence; whereas our boasted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expresses nothing, says nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give more or less pleasure to one of our senses; and no reasonable man will seriously prefer a transitory pleasure,

; which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the natural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of music into celestial and earthly, divine and human, active and contemplative, intellective and oratorial, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of making a distinction between music of mere sounds, and the music of the passions, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of Rameau and Tartini, one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that music, which took its rise from the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body, and the second, of that which rose from the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions: to decide, as Rousseau says, which of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question, Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?

In defining what true poetry ought to be, according to our principles, we have described what it really was among the Hebrews, the Greeks and Romans, the Arabs and Persians. The lamentation of David, and his sacred odes, or Psalms, the Song of Solomon, the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the other inspired writers, are truly and strictly poetical; but what did David or Solomon imitate in their divine poems? A man who is really joyful or afflicted, cannot be said to imitate joy or affliction. The lyric verses of Alcæus, Alcman, and Ibycus, the Hymns of Callimachus, the Elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; yet Alcæus was no imitator of love, Callimachus was no imitator of religious awe and admiration, Moschus was no imitator of grief at the loss of an amiable friend. Aristotle himself wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to say what he imitated in it: "O virtue, who proposest many labours to the human race, and art still the alluring object of our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddess, it was always an envied happiness in Greece even to die, and to suffer the most painful, the most afflicting evils: such are the immortal fruits, which thou raisest in our minds; fruits, more precious than gold, more sweet than the love of parents, and soft repose: for thee Hercules the son of Jove, and the twins of Leda, sustained many labours, and by their illustrious actions sought thy favour; for love of thee, Achilles and Ajax descended to the mansion of Pluto; and, through a zeal for thy charms, the prince of Atarnea was also deprived of the sun's light: therefore shall the muses, daughters of memory, render him immortal for his glorious deeds, whenever they sing the god of hospitality, and the honours due to a lasting friendship."

In the preceding collection of poems, there are some Eastern fables, some odes, a panegyric, and an elegy: yet it does not appear to me, that there is the least imitation in either of them: Petrarch was, certainly, too deeply affected with real grief, and the Persian poet was too sincere a lover, to imitate the passions of others. As to the rest, a fable in verse is no more an imitation than a fable in prose; and if every poetical narrative, which describes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called imitative, every romance, and even every history, must be called so likewise; since many poems are only romances, or parts of history, told in a regular measure.

What has been said of poetry, may with equal force be applied to

music, which is poetry, dressed to advantage; and even to painting, many sorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely descriptive, are pictures to the ear: and this way of considering them, will set the refinements of modern artists in their true light; for the passions which were given by nature, never spoke in an unnatural form, and no man, truly affected with love or grief, ever expressed the one in an acrostic, or the other in a fugue: these remains, therefore, of the false taste, which prevailed in the dark ages, should be banished from this, which is enlightened with a just one.

It is true, that some kinds of painting are strictly imitative, as that which is solely intended to represent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found that those pictures have always the greatest effect, which represent some passion, as the martyrdom of St. Agnes by Domenichino, and the various representations of the Crucifixion by the finest masters of Italy; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous sacrifice of Iphigenia by Timanthes was affecting to the highest degree; which proves not that painting cannot be said to imitate, but that its most powerful influence over the mind arises, like that of the other arts, from sympathy.

It is asserted also that descriptive poetry, and descriptive music, as they are called, are strict imitations; but, not to insist that mere description is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to visible objects: and what is an imitation, but a resemblance of some other thing? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he finds the smallest traces of imitation in the numerous fugues, counterfugues, and divisions, which rather disgrace than adorn the modern music: even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we sometimes hear the murmuring of a brook, or the chirping of birds in a concert, we are generally apprised before-hand of the passages, where we may expect them. Some eminent musicians, indeed, have been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises; but if they had succeeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that, as those parts of poetry, music, and painting, which relate to the passions, affect by sympathy, so those, which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of substitution, that is, by raising in our minds, affections, or sentiments, analogous to those, which arise in us, when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, are striving to give their friend, or patron, a pleasure similar to that, which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect. The first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in smooth and elegant verses of a sprightly measure; he will describe the most delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness. The musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaity, as the Eolian, or E flat, which he will change as the sentiment is varied: he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will use the bass, to mark the modulation more strongly, especially in the changes; and he will place the tenour generally in unison with the bass, to prevent too great a distance between the parts: in the symphony he will, above all things,

avoid a double melody, and will apply his variations only to some accessory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not easily express: he will not make a number of useless repetitions, because the passions only repeat the same expressions, and dwell upon the same sentiments, while description can only represent a single object by a single sentence. The painter will describe all visible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall short of the other artists in a very material circumstance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, express a simple passion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the shades of sentiment: he will, however, finish his landscape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich and glowing; his perspective striking; and his figures will be disposed with an agreeable variety, but not with confusion: above all, he will diffuse over his whole piece such a spirit of liveliness and festivity, that the beholder shall be seized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, mistake art for nature.

Thus will each artist gain his end, not by imitating the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the senses: this must be the chief object of a poet, a musician, and a painter, who know that great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general spirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy composition may strike the mind for a short time, but that the beauties of simplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.

As the passions are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is obvious, that there must be a great diversity in the pleasure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleasure arises from sympathy, or substitution; and that it were a wild notion in artists to think of pleasing every reader, hearer, or beholder; since every man has a particular set of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleasures, and induce him to consider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or less elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or smaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that there is one uniform standard of taste; since the passions, and, consequently, sympathy, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity or other causes.

If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, music, and painting, are expressive of the passions, and operate on our minds by sympathy; that the inferior parts of them are descriptive of natural objects, and affect us chiefly by substitution; that the expressions of love, pity, desire, and the tender passions, as well as the description of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the beautiful; but that hate, anger, fear, and the terrible passions, as well as objects, which are unpleasing to the senses, are productive of the sublime, when they are aptly expressed, or described.

These subjects might be pursued to infinity; but, if they were amply discussed, it would be necessary to write a series of dissertations, instead of an essay.

HISTORY OF PHILIP DELLWYN.

When I was in Wales last summer, I was very much struck with the situation of a little village on my road; and as my plan in travelling is always to adopt whatever idea promises amusement, I determined, as I alighted in the yard of the inn, to remain there a few days, if I could find tolerable accommodations. The inn, however,

was extremely wretched, and I wandered forth to see all that could be seen in the shortest possible space of time; for I felt that it would be impracticable to remain there so long as I had first intended. I ascended a rugged hill to the east of the village, and as from its summit I was admiring the prospect, I perceived a Quaker, apparently engaged in the same amusement.—"A very fine view from this hill," observed I.

"Very fine indeed," replied the Quaker; "lovest thou fine views?"

"So well," returned I, "that I would have staid in this village for some days to have indulged the propensity, but that the inn affords no accommodations at all."

I need not, however pursue the conversation, which lasted during a long walk, at the end of which, my friendly Quaker invited me to remain at his house till I had sufficiently feasted my eyes. I accepted the invitation, and established myself there that very evening. I staid there five or six days, in the course of which time something like a friendship took place between the Quaker and myself, and even his pretty daughter Martha manifested no small partiality for me. However, except an occasional present now and then, to prove my gratitude, no intercourse has ever taken place between us, until the post, the other day, brought me a letter in a hand I was wholly unacquainted with. I opened it hastily, and found it as follows.

"Esteemed Friend,

"Thou wilt perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from me—nay, perhaps, thou wilt have forgotten the existence of Abraham Upright; however, neither I nor my daughter Martha have forgotten thee, but have continued to wish thee all welfare and happiness every day of our lives.

"If thou hast not forgotten us, perhaps thou rememberest the young man named Philip Dellwyn. The young man was sick thou knowest:—he now sleeps with his fathers. I one day surprised my daughter Martha in the room where he dwelt, in tears over a roll of paper, which I soon saw was in his hand-writing. Had there been a fire at hand, I should have tossed the papers into it in a moment; as there was none, I contented myself with taking them from Martha, and locked them up in my bureau. There they have lain ever since, until the other day, hearing talk made of thy work, my daughter reminded me of these papers, and advised me to send them to thee. I have followed her advice, and this night thou wilt receive by the waggon the whole roll, to do therewith as pleaseth thee. Martha sendeth her best wishes to her old friend, as doth also,

"Esteemed Friend,
thy sincere friend
and well-wisher,
ABRAHAM UPRIGHT."

I had certainly not forgotten Abraham or his fair daughter; much less had I forgotten Philip Dellwyn, who joined to a look of fragile health, a countenance so pale, a form so slight, and yet eyes so resplendent with sense and sensibility, that it was evident a figure so etherial, could not be long for this world. I found my worthy friend Abraham Upright, had given him shelter for the sake of his health, for he was trying pure air, and goat's-milk whey; and had never demanded the stipulated rent, because he remarked the unrenewed shabbiness of his lodger's threadbare coat. I had endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the young man's fate, but could only learn it had not been happy; and I felt myself unequal to relieve any actual distress:—but his demeanour so gentle, so placid, so pensive, interested my heart extremely, and not less the heart of the pretty Martha. Poor Dellwyn would look at her, when the uncontrolled emanations of her countenance almost betrayed her secret, with looks animated by the purest delight: then suddenly, as some remembered trouble shot across his

heart, he would withdraw his eyes from her lovely countenance, and cast them from heaven to earth with a look so mildly resigned, so contentedly pensive, that it was impossible to notice it unmoved.

Poor little Martha confessed to me one day, that she thought Philip Dellwyn the most amiable man she knew—she wished he was but a *friend*. I could not help hoping that some unforeseen events would at last bring so innocent a love to a happy issue;—but, alas! it was brought very rapidly to a period after I had left Wales. Poor Dellwyn! many a sigh has the recollection of thy dejected countenance cost me—many a tear will the termination of thy blameless life occasion me!

I looked into the packet sent me by my friend Abraham, with a sort of tender melancholy, which its contents served to heighten. The first paper I unfolded was a little history of himself, which interested me the most, and which I therefore first present to my readers, without further ceremony. It has neither regular beginning nor end, and the first and some intermediate leaves appear to be wanting;—perhaps, the pretty Martha may have preserved them as a relique; however, the tale is sufficiently intelligible.

'And am I never to know the truth?' said I. 'What good would the truth do you?' replied he, with an air but ill calculated to repress my ardent curiosity. 'While you contentedly remain in ignorance,' added he after a pause, 'you will be sheltered and supported; but if you persist in your inquiry, you will be obliged to seek your bread with toil and labour.'

"For some time longer these answers contented me. I was pursuing with ardour an education which I thought preferable even to independence; and though the manners of my guardian were not much calculated to conciliate esteem, those of his sister had won my warmest affection. Gentle, caressing, and indulgent, a word from her had more power over my mind than the strictest command from my preceptor; and when I have been stubborn and sullen under punishment from him, a look from Miss Goldney has subdued my proud heart, and melted the obstinacy of my resolution into tears of penitence. To her I was indebted for every indulgence I obtained—her kindness sweetened to me hours rendered intolerable by the harsh severity of Mr. Goldney; a severity, which would have exasperated me to seek my liberty at once, but for the advantage of the knowledge I was acquiring: and Miss Goldney so forcibly pointed out to me the value of this circumstance, and the influence it would have on my future life, that I was contented to abide stripes and ill treatment, rather than forego the completion of an education which was to soften a savage into man.

"That part of it however, which Miss Goldney conducted, was precisely that which was dearest to me, and that which has most influenced me through the short and wretched remainder of my life. Full of the most noble sentiments, and the tenderest sensibility, Miss Goldney, with delight, cultivated in me dispositions which ought to have been repressed, but which are too fascinating not to throw a veil over the dangers they create. Alive to every virtuous feeling—indignant at vice, oppression, and tyranny, she saw with delight the tremulous fibres of my soul vibrate to the slightest touch; she saw the fire, the enthusiasm, that animated my eye—the strong resolution that arose in my bosom, never to submit to oppression. She strengthened these dispositions—she rendered me most sensibly awake to the voice of affection—that harmonious voice I was destined to hear no more! She foresaw not my future situation, or she would have striven to render my heart callous to injustice, my spirit subservient to oppression, my manners servile, and my principles obedient. [*To be continued.*]

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 27.

On Friday morning last, between the hours of one and two o'clock, Mr. Salter, Treasurer of the State, was alarmed by a noise which he heard in a lower apartment of the house in which he resides, and which is his office and the place of deposite for the public money. Not being under apprehensions of any thing serious, he did not alarm the rest of the family, but proceeded down stairs with a lighted candle, and on perceiving a window raised in a back room, was proceeding to shut it, when immediately on his entering the room, he was surrounded by four men armed with knives, who immediately demanded the keys of the public treasure and threatened him with instant death in case of refusal or noise. Alone and defenceless Mr. Salter was forced to comply, and compelled to accompany them while they plundered the public money. After taking what they conceived the whole of the paper money in the treasury, each one helped himself to a bag of dollars, containing, it is supposed about 5000. A consultation was then held by the villains how they should dispose of Mr. Salter, when the fellow who seemed to act as principal, seized a small rope which was lying near, tied his hands behind him, his knees and feet together, and putting a stick in his mouth for a gag, secured it there by a string at each end which he tied round his head; they then laid him upon the floor, at the back side of the room, went out with their spoil, and locked the door upon him.

All this was transacted with so much silence that no one was awakened in the house. Mr. Salter endeavoured to make a noise with his feet against the floor, but having left his shoes in the chamber where he slept, he was unable to do any thing to that effect. He then endeavoured to move himself by degrees towards the door of the office, which he supposes he affected in about an hour. By kicking the door violently, he soon awakened Mrs. Salter, who, on coming down, and finding the door of the treasury locked, and hearing the incoherent words attempted to be uttered by her husband, was extremly agitated and overcome by fear. She, however, made out to awaken the family of Mr. Abraham Hunt, the next neighbour, with her cries from the window of her chamber. Mr. Hunt was the first man that got to the house. With a violent exertion he made out to burst open the office door, and release Mr. Salter from his distressing situation. The neighbourhood was soon alarmed, and early in the morning persons were dispatched and hand-bills circulated in every direction. The woods and swamps in the vicinity were scoured by the citizens, and the following night the different roads leading from town were watched by armed persons; but all efforts to take the villians have hitherto proved unavailing. The amount taken off by the robbers is estimated at about 12,000 dollars: a very large sum in Bank Notes escaped their notice. Mr. Salter does not think he ever saw the men before—three of them wore lion-skin great-coats, the other had a coattee and boots on—500 dollars is the reward offered for their apprehension.

The situation of Mr. Salter on this occasion, justly demands the sympathy of all.—He has for some time past experienced a very bad state of health—Weak and enfeebled by disease, the dreadful shock he must have experienced, on being attacked by a body of desperadoes in the dead of night, with instruments of death presented to his breast, could not but greatly add to the force of his malady and increase debility in his feeble state. The agitation of his mind during the transaction—the very distressing situation which the robbers left him

in, and the violent exertions he was prompted to make in order to awaken his family, added to the great weight upon his mind, arising from the high responsibility of his trust, must have formed an aggregate of distress, better conceived than described. His illness has been so much increased that he is now confined to his bed.

[*Trenton Federalist.*

NEW-YORK, OCT. 28.

At 9 o'clock P. M. fire was discovered bursting out of a stable in Dutch-street, and in a few minutes that and another building were burnt to the ground. Though the evening was still and the fire-men and citizens very active, yet, owing to a scarcity of water, two other adjoining buildings caught fire; one of them is almost entirely destroyed, the upper story of the other, a fine brick building, was consumed. It is said that the fire was communicated to the hay in the stable from a candle which a person had used in taking out a horse—The stable was owned by Mr. Pearsal, and occupied by the horses of the Albany stage, none of which were in it when the accident happened.—The house is owned by Mr. Cromwell of Long-Island; and the brick house by Mr. Minard, at present out of town. These buildings were occupied by small families; and, we believe, were all insured. The damage is estimated at 3000 dollars.

OCT. 31.

All restrictions on the intercourse between New-York and Philadelphia, either by land or water, were removed by order of the Board of Health of Philadelphia, so far as imposed by them.

PETERSBURG, (VIR.) NOV. 1.

On Thursday night, about 8 o'clock, an altercation took place between James Fleming and Allen Stone, in which the former discharged a loaded pistol at the latter. The ball missed him, and entered the breast of Nicholas Agin, which put an almost immediate period to his existence.

NEW-YORK. NOV. 1.

Much injury was done by the extreme high tide, which overflowed the wharves and filled the cellars in the lower parts of the city—an instance of the kind has not been known, nor damage done to the amount sustained yesterday since the year 1796, or 1797.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 2.

A fire broke out in the morning, about 2 o'clock, in a frame building situate at the extremity of the Northern Liberties, in Front-street. Three frame buildings were consumed before it was subdued.

Exports from the port of Philadelphia from the 1st of July to the 30th of September; both inclusive:

51,563	barrels Flour,
4,520	half do.
505	barrels Middling,
3,095	barrels Rye Flour,
2,333	hhds. Indian Meal,
7,491	barrels do.
30	half do.

NEW-HAVEN.

For several days past this city has been the resort of a very extraordinary number of quails. These natives of the grove seem desirous of fixing their abode among us; and, divested in a degree of their usual timidity, they visit our gardens and our streets, and in some instances enter our houses. They indeed, abound with such frequency as would furnish no inconsiderable amusement to the lovers of sport, did not our municipal regulations render the use of fire arms (within the city) rather too *expensive*. The boys, however, find much diversion in attacking them with stones and other missile weapons, by which means many are secured.

It is, or may be conjectured, there is something *ominous* in this social disposition of our feathered visitants.....Some very good sort of people, but of temperaments a little prone to hypochondria, are

extremely apprehensive that this phenomenon indicates the triumph of *democracy* in the state.....or at least in the city! Others suppose they may be on their way to Pennsylvania, with a view to obtain certificates of *citizenship*, preparatory to the next presidential election.

CONNECTICUT.

It appears by the report of the Treasurer made to the General Assembly, now in session, that the school funds, the stocks in the funds of the United States, the balances of taxes due, the bonds and notes due the state, cash in the Treasury, and shares in the banks, amount to one million nine hundred and four thousand nine hundred and one dollars, and forty-one cents; and that the great debt formerly due from the state is extinguished.

It appears also, that the state is now able to subscribe to the banks thirty thousand dollars, and leave a sufficiency in the Treasury to meet the current expenses of the government.

MIDDLEBURY, (VIR.) OCT. 19.

The following melancholy accident happened at Shelburn on Thursday last. A Mr. Soper, who had been assisting in digging a well in that place, which they had sunk about 50 feet, and which, on account of the rain, they had determined to discontinue for that day, by request descended into the well for the purpose of bringing up the tools for some other use. When he had descended within about 12 feet of the bottom, he appeared to struggle and breathe with difficulty, and soon fell out of the tub in which he was descending, to the bottom of the well. A lighted candle let down to the depth at which Mr. Soper failed, was extinguished; and a cat at the same depth, seemed to be in great agony, and was drawn up to appearance lifeless, but soon recovered. An alarm was immediately spread. The father of the unfortunate young man soon arrived to witness the affecting scene. Deaf to all persuasion, he determined to descend and bring up the body of his son... To prevent his falling from the tub, he was secured by a rope. On descending to the depth where his son first failed, he struggled and breathed with difficulty, but thought, as he afterwards said, he should be able to hold his breath till he should get to the bottom, and return with the body of his son. When there, he found himself unable to reach his son without untying himself, which he effected, and immediately fell apparently lifeless. The people at the top, as soon as possible, let down burning tar, and also rags wet in spirits into the well, in order to cleanse the air; and after continuing their exertions for about an hour and an half, the father of the young man so far recovered as to call for the tub to be let down, which was done immediately, and he ascended bearing the corps of his son to the view of his sympathising neighbours.

RALEIGH, (N. C.) OCT. 12.

About 12 o'clock in the day of the 6th inst. the dwelling house of Hugh Mac Kay, Esq. of Robeson, was burned, while Mr. Mac Kay was in an adjoining field at work.....no persons being at the house except two small children, who had like to have fallen victims to the flames. It was not discovered in time to make any efforts necessary to save the building, so that the house, 1000 dollars, and furniture, were entirely destroyed, except about 11 pounds weight of silver which he gathered out of the ruins.

On the following day about the same hour, as he was in his field he observed an unusual smoke, and running to the place, discovered that a block had been rolled from the other fire to the back of the kitchen...which would have shared the same fate of the house if he had not come at that moment.... And on Saturday morning the 8th instant, while he was at a neighbour's house, his out-houses consisting of two stables and a corn-house,

containing his whole crop, with his farming utensils, were all reduced to ashes. All this mischief which has almost ruined him, he has every reason to believe was perpetrated by a despicable incendiary, a villain who has lurked about the neighbourhood, and who had uttered some threats against him.

CHARLESTON, OCT. 14.

Between the hours of five and six this morning, a fire was discovered in the house of Mr. P. Cohen, in Orange-street. The alarm being promptly given, it was fortunately extinguished with little injury to the house. It evidently appeared to have been the work of design; and a negro wench has been committed upon suspicion.

OCT. 19.

The Board of Health of Philadelphia announced this day, the cessation of the epidemic.

OCT. 20.

The Mayor of Baltimore, by proclamation, removed the restrictions imposed by that city on its intercourse with Philadelphia.

CANAAN (N. LEBANON) COLUMBIA COUNTY, OCT. 22.

About the last of September, a man by the name of Charles Crane, came passenger in the stage to New Lebanon, where he left the stage, went to the house of John N. Pebody, and staid about a week; from thence he went to the house of Thady Abbot, where he staid two or three days; and on Monday the 10th inst. came to the house of Major Ammi Doubleday, inn-keeper, in a very low state of health. Medical aid was soon after called, though somewhat contrary to his desire. He coughed much, and appeared to breathe with the utmost difficulty whilst asleep. When first awaking, he sometimes appeared a little deranged, but would soon become perfectly rational. A day or two previous to his death, he was questioned relative to his place of residence, his friends and relations.... He said he was from Newark in the state of New Jersey, and that he had a brother and sister living there.

On the night of the eighteenth inst. he went to bed at about ten o'clock...about twelve Major Doubleday got up as had been his custom, and went into the bed-room where said Crane had slept (the same being on the lower story) and finding the window up, shut it, and then lighted a candle and returned, and to his great surprise, found that Crane was gone. He thereupon immediately went into the chamber and awoke a traveller who lay there, who went with him in search of said Crane. They found him lying dead out of doors, by the side of the house, about twenty feet from the window of his bed-room. From the position in which he lay when found, it appeared that he lay down deliberately and expired. A coroner's inquest was held and the jury having viewed the body and heard the evidence, found that the deceased, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock at night, left his bed, either in a deranged state of mind, or extreme distress for want of breath, and sought the open air; that having wandered to the place where he was found, his strength was exhausted, and that he then sunk down and died a natural death. The jury on examination, found that he had left sundry articles of clothing, and one hundred and three dollars, eighty-one cents, in money.

His funeral was attended on Thursday last, and a sermon well adapted to the solemn occasion, was delivered at the meeting house in this town.

OCT. 22.

A melancholy accident happened a few days since at Kinderhook, when Mr. Beverly Bennet, a promising young man of the age of 28, was shot to death in the following manner. With some other young men he was setting off on a fowling party, some of whom were pushing

off a canoe, in which a gun was laid, the lock supposed to be half cocked, when the motion of the canoe shaking the piece, it went off and discharged its contents into Mr. Bennet's head, blowing out his eyes and entering the skull, upon which he fell dead upon the spot.... On repairing to the scene of distress his mother was so shocked by the spectacle, she fell into fits which continued upon her five hours, when she was revived by medical assistance, and is yet living, though in great distress.

On the 23d, a barn belonging to John Peckham, of New Bedford, was entirely consumed by fire, together with its contents, consisting of 15 tons of hay, and a quantity of flax, rye, oats, apples, &c....It was set on fire by a black boy about ten years old, while most of the family were at meeting.

BOSTON....24.

Benjamin Brower, who lately robbed the Manhattan Bank, in New York, of a very considerable sum of money, was taken up in this town on Friday evening last, and after an examination, and the discovery of between 7 and 8000 dollars which had been concealed about his clothes, confessed the fact. He took passage, a few weeks since, from Newburyport for Passamaquoddy, where he arrived; but from whence he returned to this place in a vessel, commanded by Captain Pulsifer, of Newburyport. It is to the vigilance of this gentleman, with the aid of some others, that he was detected and committed. The reward for taking Brower is 500 dollars, and ten per cent. of all the money recovered.

Interments at Baltimore, for the Week ending

Oct. 17.	11 *Ad.*	18 *Chil.*
24.	10	11
31.	12	13
Nov. 7.	8	13
Total....	41	55

The Number of Deaths in the present year, compared with the Deaths in the same months of 1802.

	Ad.	*Ch.*	*Tot.*	*Ad.*	*Ch.*	*Tot.*
	1832.			1803.		
Jan.	142	75	217	68	42	110
Feb.	110	60	170	76	35	111
March	100	47	147	66	41	107
April	90	58	148	75	41	116
May	82	59	141	69	41	110
June	96	67	163	78	64	142
July	129	132	261	78	127	205
Aug.	109	153	262	112	182	294
Sept.	178	106	284	208	84	202
Oct.	211	78	289	182	51	233
Totals	1247	835	2082	1012	708	1720

NEW YORK, OCT. 17.

The whole number of deaths by the epidemic, from its commencement, to Saturday, ending 26th October, including those at Bellevue, and Marine Hospital, amounts to 611....of these there were

In the city,	457
Bellevue,	96
Marine Hospital,	68
	611

Lord Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, in the true spirit of practical humanity, requested Messrs. Mellish to make trial at the victualling office (in England) of the slaughtering knife for laying oxen. Those gentlemen complied, and with a commendable zeal and perseverance, totally overcame the obstinate prejudices of the persons employed under them, in consequence of which, the method of laying oxen with the knife, instead of the old, cruel, laborious and troublesome method, has met the most complete success. The animal falls senseless in an instant, and not only the head and neck, but the carcase in general, is found to be in a much superior condition to that in which it had used to be after the numerous and uncertain blows, bruises and frights too commonly attendant on the old method.

In the same way we are assured by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, eels and

fish of all kinds may be instantaneously killed, an incision being made with a sharp pointed penknife, or puncture with a bodkin, longitudinally into the brain about half an inch or an inch above the eyes, according to the size of the fish.... a method which will be remembered by those who wish to lessen the unnecessary sufferings of animal nature.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following Works have lately appeared from American Presses:

Juvenile Magazine, 4 vols.....Johnson, Philadelphia.
Haley's Life of Cowper....Pellam, Boston.
Ellicot's Journal....Dobson.
Pleaders' Guide....Duane.
Chitty on Bills of Exchange..... Byrne.
Fifth Volume of Vesey, Junior's Reports....Byrne.
Linn's and Priestley's Pamphlets.
Montifeor's Commercial Precedents.
Hear Both Sides, a Comedy. By Reynolds....Conrad, & Co.
Marriage Promise. A Comedy.... Conrad, & Co.
Maid of Bristol, do.
Account of Louisiana, &c. do.
Wilson's Egypt, do.
Barton's Botany....For the Author.
Observations on Trial by Jury.... Lancaster.
John Bull, A Comedy. Butler, Baltimore.
Priestley's Lectures on History.... New Edition.....2 vols....Byrne.
Nineteenth Volume of the British Classics....S. F. Bradford, and Conrad, & Co.
Friend of Women....Conrad, & Co.
Graydon's Digest....Wyeth, Harrisburg.
Denon's Travels, 2 vols.....Campbell and others.
Roscoe's Lorenzi di Medici, 2 vols. Bronson & Chauncey.

The following Works are preparing for Publication in this City:

Pinkerton's Geography....Heron's Letters of Junius.....Johnson's and Steeven's Shakspeare..... Aiken's Complete Edition of the English Poets....Burke's Works, &c. &c.

The London Prints mention that Godwin's Life of Chaucer is nearly ready for the Press.....That the Reverend Mr. Boyd is engaged in the Translation of the *Auraucana* of Eroella....That Miss Seward is writing the Life of Darwin....That Mrs. Radcliffe is writing another Romance.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

THE Editor of this work having engaged in a very arduous undertaking, is conscious that his success will in a great measure depend upon the literary aid which he shall receive from his friends, and the Literati of this country...He, therefore, most earnestly solicits from the man of science, and from the polite scholar, the contributions of their genius and leisure: while the Editor performs all that is in his power, he hopes that they will not permit another attempt to extend abroad useful knowledge, to perish.

All communications addressed to the Editor, should be left at the Book-store of Mr. Conrad.

Authors and Publishers who are at a distance, and who wish their works to be immediately noticed, are requested to forward them to the Editor.

Denville is thanked for his communication, and is informed, that his offers are gratefully accepted.

The pages of this work are always open to the impression of the pen of the author of the lines to Dr. Jenner.